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The Week

NOTWITHSTANDING the extremely maladroit presentation of the Four Power Treaty to the American people by the administration, the Senate will not, we hope, be stupid enough to reject it. Why shouldn't it include within the scope of its guarantees the island of Japan? The Senate surely can have no objection to the utterance of a promise by the American government not to attack the Japanese homeland. The United States uttered such a promise in effect when Secretary Hughes agreed to refrain from fortifying a naval base in the western Pacific. As to the promise to consult with the other three powers in case a fifth nation threatens Japanese territory, that is surely neither an unreasonable nor an onerous promise. The only powers which can conceivably threaten the island of Japan are China and Siberia. Siberia is negligible unless it reunited with Russia and even then could not threaten Japan until Russia is able, is willing and is allowed to operate a fleet of battleships in the Pacific. It is much the same in the case of China, but there is something to be gained by serving notice on China that Japanese territory must be considered inviolate. China possesses prodigious resources in men and in economic power. As soon as she becomes independent and strong, she might with her population wax dangerous to Japan. If America and Great Britain safeguard Japan against this danger, she would have less excuse for a policy of keeping China down.

PRESIDENT HARDING is right in declaring the issue involved by the guarantee to be really of very little importance. As long as Japan disposes of 300,000 tons of capital ships, there are only two other nations which can possibly threaten her safety; and those are the nations which dispose of 500,000 tons of capital ships. Japan has nothing to fear except from a combination between the United States and Great Britain. But there was no sufficient reason for specifically exempting Japan from the beneficial operation of the insular guarantees. It would have seemed invidious to declare in effect that Japan was the only island in the Pacific whose inhabitants did not share in the general security. The importance which the issue has assumed is partly the result of the morbid suspicion with which a few very articulate Americans regard the assumption even of the most innocent and desirable international obligations by their own government, but it is chiefly the result of the secrecy in which the whole preliminary negotiation was shrouded. If the American delegation had negotiated what Mr. Harding calls the "quadrilateral" treaty in the open, neither the public nor the President himself could have misunderstood the probable effects and the purpose of its provisions.

THE defect in the Four Power Treaty consists in its failure to provide for obligatory consultation with China and Siberia about all questions which involve Chinese and Siberian interests. We regret deeply the failure to include China, but from

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the Chinese point of view there is something to be said for leaving her out. Just because she is isolated, she is free to become a nuisance; and unless she is ready to become a nuisance, she will never get back her independence. A combination of Britain and the United States could persuade and press Japan to concede a great deal, but they could not get her to give up as much as the Chinese wish unless they were willing to threaten war; and the threat of war they cannot and should not make. The Chinese themselves must exert much of the pressure which will essentially shove Japan little by little out of their country. The omission of China from the Four Power Treaty absolves them from any future obligation to behave politely. They can consecrate themselves to the task of converting China into a disagreeable place for Japanese and perhaps other foreigners to live and do business. They must persuade their exploiters that their exclusion from the political consortium in the Far East is a mistake.

THE commutation of sentence in the case of twenty-four persons, prosecuted for opposing the war, is only a step, and not a long one, in the right direction. Two of these "political prisoners" were convicted of using their official position to sell exemptions from the draft. One was a man in whose case the Department of Justice confessed error two years ago. In the case of Mr. Debs, the American Legion to the contrary, the President took no risk with public opinion. On the other hand the great majority of the remaining prisoners, members of the I. W. W., were and are victims of public opinion. There is no evidence to show that most of them took any part in measures of opposition to the war. They were convicted merely because of belonging to an organization. The only way to change public opinion in their regard is to make it clear that their arrest and conviction were part of the persecution to which the I. W. W .was subjected before, during and after the war, including the deportations of 1,100 of its members from Bisbee, Arizona, the sacking of its headquarters in numerous cities, the resort to mob violence and murder against it in Butte, Tulsa, and Centralia—outrages from which the law afforded no protection, and for which it awarded no penalties or compensation. And only in public opinion is there any hope of redress. Just and humane as President Harding is, his justice and humanity do not extend beyond the limits of men-pleasing.

IF it is true, as reported from Moscow, that the Soviet government has agreed to place the remaining ten million of gold reserve at the disposition of the Relief administration, we trust that Mr. Hoover will see to it that there is no legal taint attaching to the transfer. By a recent decision of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court it appears that the Soviet government may be pillaged with impunity by its agents here. The Soviet government has no standing in court, and therefore can not proceed against those who appropriate its property. That raises another pertinent question. Suppose that a creditor of Tsarist Russia sought to attach gold sent here to pay for food, could the Soviet government or its agents defend the suit? Apparently not. Accordingly the Relief administration can not safely undertake to spend the gold here simply in behalf of the Soviet government. There are pretty sure to be complications, unless the Soviet government gives the gold outright to the Relief administration.

THE presence of the American Relief organization in Russia has already made a wide breach in the barriers between the American and the Russian peoples. It is impossible for even the most bigoted Bolshevik to hold fast to his old idea of Americans as dollar chasers pure and simple. He has seen with his own eyes another kind of American, energetic, humane, more intent upon the business of saving lives than any American was ever supposed to be intent upon the business of making money. Nor is it possible for any but the most dessicated American minds to hold fast to the theory of the Soviet government as a mere band of cut-throats, ruling an inert and hopeless population by terrorism alone. Most Americans still believe, and will continue to believe, that the Bolsheviki gained control by methods that were reprehensible, and maintained themselves in power by measures that were often atrocious. But there is much less conviction in America that what Russia mainly needs is the bloody overthrow of the Soviet regime. It is coming to be understood, however vaguely, that the Soviet leaders are hardworking men, trying sincerely to maintain order and to restore the economic life of the country, and willing to yield their theories to the practical necessities of governing. The Soviet government is more like any other government than Americans conceived it to be at the time when they supposed that its policies could be deduced directly from the principles of communism.

THE Russian Relief Act makes it possible for Mr. Hoover's organization to save the lives of a million human beings who must otherwise have perished. For a country rich enough to carry with-

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out difficulty a total expenditure of four billions, twenty millions may seem a relatively small sum on which to claim credit for charity. Yet the fact is that public grants to meet even the most dire need of alien populations have been so rare that this one stands out as a great monument to a nation's generosity. It will rank among the precedents of a new international order based upon humanity and good will. Its significance is heightened by the fact that the beneficiaries are living under a government which President Harding, Mr. Hoover and almost every member of the Senate and Congress abominate. Our government could have shirked the duty of aid by repeating the demand that the Russian people should first shake off the Soviet government. That it did not pursue this cruel but not unpopular course is due mainly to Mr. Hoover's attitude and to his great prestige with both Congress and the general public.

IN a letter which he recently sent to the daily newspapers Mr. Gifford Pinchot fiercely attacks the proposal to transfer the Forest Service from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior. He attributes the transfer bills which are now pending in both the House and the Senate "to the same interests that attempted to gobble up the natural resources of Alaska in Secretary Ballinger's time"; and the attitude and record of the present head of the Department of the Interior with respect to the national domain give some plausibility to this accusation. It is difficult to understand what advantage the American public will gain from the transfer. This proposal deserves and should receive very careful watching.

ELEVEN hundred persons had been held at Ellis Island for deportation. They were persons against whom there was nothing to be said except that they happened to exceed the national quotas fixed in our immigration law. A large number of them were women and children who were coming to join their husbands and fathers who by the very fact of sending for their families had demonstrated their intention of throwing in their lot with America. Every one of the persons detained, it may properly be assumed, had made great sacrifices in order to cross the Atlantic, and would have suffered miserably if he had been thrown back upon his country of origin. In enacting the present immigration law, Congress could not have contemplated the possibility that it would operate with such shocking inhumanity as its enforcement in these cases would have entailed. Everyone will approve the courageous and humane action of Secretary Davis in virtually setting aside the law and permitting these immigrants to land. But what shall we think of a law which would have wrought intolerable wrong unless an administrative officer had been willing to take the risk of stretching his power of discretion almost to the breaking point? If there had been only ten victims of the law instead of eleven hundred, and if there had been no outcry from their kin and fellow nationals, would Secretary Davis have acted so humanely? Perhaps he would, but in that case we should have to thank, not the law, but our luck in having a Secretary courageous enough to rise above it.

THE progress that is being made in clearing up some of the scandalous abuses of war administration will be accelerated by the appointment of a sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate to investigate the efforts of the dye lobby to secure through the Fordney tariff bill a permanent embargo on foreign dyes. According to the Boston Transcript the trail leads straight into the office of the Alien Property Custodian under Palmer and Garvin; and the committee, composed of Senators Shortridge, Borah, and Reed can be trusted to follow it. Side trails are believed to lead to the Chemical Foundation of which Mr. Garvin became the head on resigning his position of Alien Property Custodian, and the Textile Alliance, a cooperative committee of textile manufacturers, to which the War Trade Board delegated its authority to license the admission of foreign dyes. Anything which serves to reveal the corruption which lurks in the shadow of war is especially valuable at this time.

FOR a number of reasons—strategic, economic and sentimental—its half of the Island of Sakhalin is worth a good deal to Russia. Early in 1920 Japan sent troops into this northern half to occupy it as security for reparation—by some Russian government later to be recognized—of the very obscure "Nikolayevsk massacre." Her troops are still there. Will they ever be withdrawn? Or does Japan hope occupation will fade with time into an actual title to Sakhalin? On this point we have at least some verbal assurance—whatever that may be worth. One of the Japanese delegates has admitted that the northern half of Sakhalin is understood to be excepted by Japan from the clause of the treaty which guarantees her insular possessions—of which southern Sakhalin is one—against aggression.

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AN illuminating footnote was added to the history of our political party system the other day when Maryland's two Republican Senators and four Republican Congressmen appealed to President Harding to "recognize" the colored Republicans of the state "by Presidential appointment to Federal office." Since 1913, when all its Senators and Congressmen were Democrats, Maryland has gradually swung out of the Democratic column. The change has been due almost entirely to the "cheerful and loyal adherence of the colored elements," who compose forty percent of the total Republican registration. No other state where the Negroes are not by some variety of grandfather clause barred from voting has so large a Negro vote as Maryland. Will they remain loyal Republicans, or, like other partisans do they hunger for the plums of party victory, and if the hunger is unsatisfied will they prove unfaithful? The Republican chiefs of Maryland know that they will; they say tell the President that "an acute situation confronts us," which, they add, "was manifested in the candidacy of a colored Republican for United States Senator last year." This is a danger sign. Hence the appeal to the President to give some good Federal jobs to Maryland Negroes.

STERLING exchange hovering around 4.20 as contrasted with about 3.60 a year ago, offers a clue to the real opinions of bankers and business men generally as to the prospects of world recovery. This sixteen per cent rise in the most sensitive of all values rests exclusively on hope. The actual condition of British industry and trade is worse than it was a year ago. Prices are lower, unemployment more general, more ships are tied up in the harbors and the burden of taxation is more onerous. The economic state of the countries on which the ultimate recovery of British trade depends, Germany and Russia, has deteriorated during the year. If present conditions alone determined values, sterling ought to be lower than ever. In the opinion of sterling buyers future conditions must be much more favorable. On what can this opinion be based? Partly no doubt on the proof of international good sense offered by the proceedings of the Washington Conference. It will not be necessary to build ships feverishly to meet the contingency of a Pacific war. But the main ground appears to be that England has definitely renounced all hope of impossible payments from Germany and is working hard to prune French pretensions back to their common sense essentials. Much more is likely to be accomplished in the coming year, and as a result we shall probably see French exchange rise, to the confusion of French political leaders who imagine that the national credit is bound up with the insistence upon uncollectable claims against Germany.

THE abdication of authority by the Allies over the Near East results in the continuance of the horrors of war. A few weeks ago we printed a protest against the violence of the Greeks toward the Turkish inhabitants. Now from Christian Work we learn of the descent of Turkish brigands upon the often stricken city of Marsovar, fifty miles from the Black Sea coast. The houses of Greeks and Armenians were looted, the girls violated, men and boys murdered. A Christian population of 2,500 seems to have been nearly wiped out. The immediate responsibility for this state of affairs rests with the Allies. By the armistice they reserved the right and accepted the duty of occupying the Armenian vilayets if there were disorder. Since that time Kemal Pasha has become the strongest power in the neighborhood. France has made a selfish peace with the Angora government, while England maintains futile hostilities—*neither attitude productive of the slightest* good to the Christian inhabitants of Asia Minor. We need not expect a crusade in their behalf, but it is at least within the bounds of reason to expect a unified and coherent policy to make the best of the situation from the point of view of the people whose lives are at stake—not the incredible worst.

The Core of French Policy

FRENCH policy is hard to defend, if we must take it at its face value. What can a friend of France say in defence of the tentative French demand for ten post-Jutland dreadnaughts? The demand was never intended for publication, to be sure, and it was promptly disavowed by Premier Briand. But it was not disavowed until Secretary Hughes had uttered as impressive a protest as ever finds its way into the diplomatic archives. The French intend still to press for a submarine allotment so large as very seriously to disturb the British peace of mind. We cannot be sure yet that this demand will not wreck the whole naval disarmament program. And if it does, we have to contemplate an era of competitive naval building and of naval wars. That would mean the final extinction of the hope of world peace based upon

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the association of equal nations, and give us instead of it a world order based on naval hegemonies.

It is equally hard to defend the French policy of demanding indemnities in excess of any possibility of collection and thereby erecting an insuperable barrier to European economic recovery. It is hard to defend French intrigues in the Levant, in Central and Eastern Europe; intrigues that ruthlessly set nation against nation and waste the meagre public revenues on military preparations. Hardest of all to defend is the openly avowed French policy of drawing heavily upon the colored population of the French dominions for semi-servile, culturally alien levies to be employed against European populations. Sum up these policies and how does it stand with France, so recently the gallant champion of civilization, democracy and liberty? The French statesmen are no doubt aware of the fact that this galaxy of policies has alienated from their cause the public opinion of all the nations that were neutral in the late war and has played great havoc with French support in England and Italy. If public opinion in the United States is still prevailingly Francophil, it is not at all likely to remain so when the drift of French policy comes to be better understood.

But before we decide too absolutely that the French are the villains in the plot of international manoeuvrings, let us go back to the core of these policies in the national needs of France. The French are, at the moment, a very powerful nation. There is on the continent no military force either existing or capable of being called into existence which would dare to challenge the power of France. But there is no permanence in military power which does not rest upon a sound basis in geography, population and industry. Even the Romans, with all their genius for organization and their immense superiority in military technique, could maintain but a strained and transient hold upon the turbulent peoples subjected to their dominion. Geography and population were against them. Is the foundation of French military power any better? Not materially. The geographical situation of France, far to the southwest of the two great expanding masses of European population, German and Russian, has important factors of defensive strength, but no factors insuring continued dominance. The population of France, long stationary, has received no impetus to expansion from the French victory. All the influences making for restriction of population before the war remain unabated and a new influence is at work, the reluctance of hundreds of thousands of men who have experienced the horrors of the trenches to bring into the world sons to die miserably in the war of revenge that hovers like a nightmare over the French imagination. As for the industrial situation of France, even if the frontier were extended to the Rhine there would not be found within it that convenient combination of iron ore and suitable coal required by a metallurgical industry that is to meet the competition of America and England, or even of the Swedish-German or the future Chinese-Japanese units. By protection France can build up an iron industry to supply her own needs. But those needs are modest, and offer no promise of the large scale metallurgical production that naturally brings in its train the manifold mechanical and chemical industries that stand nearest to the uses of war.

The upshot is that the military power of France, inexpugnable as it is today, is not self-perpetuating. Unless all Europe east of the Rhine is held to anarchy and desolation, France will have lost in relative strength by the end of ten years, and still more by the end of twenty years. We need not attempt to fix the point in time when the balance of power will turn against France. But if the institutions of Europe are to remain on a foundation of nationalistic forces, there can be no question that the forces of France will sooner or later become inadequate even to insure the defence of her proper national boundaries. The enlistment of colonial armies may postpone the day of reckoning, but it can only make the ultimate outcome the more disastrous to France.

All this assumes, however, that Europe east of the Rhine will escape from anarchy, somehow, and will remain prevailingly hostile to a French hegemony. These are, we think, not very violent assumptions. Germany and Russia are the two nations that must enter as positive factors into all such calculations. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-slavia, Rumania and Hungary may be counted out, as just as likely to prove liabilities in a military sense as assets. Germany is at present down and must submit to any discipline victorious France may choose to inflict. But there is not the slightest evidence that the German national solidarity and the will to live and work have been broken by the war. Consider the French project for creating an independent Rhine republic. The material benefits offered to the population are significant. They could escape their share in the burden of the indemnity, be free from military service, enjoy commercial privileges denied to them as citizens of the German Republic. Before the war the population of the Rhine provinces were by no means contented with the way things went under a Prussianized

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empire. Yet the propaganda for an independent republic is making no headway at all. Consider the condition of German industry, under the worst financial system that has ever afflicted an industrial people. The Germans keep on working, though wages are intolerably meagre. The death rate is heavy, but the birth rate is increasing. These, we submit, are the indices of a nation that is not going to remain flat forever.

But what hope is there that Russia will recover? Millions of her people are dying of famine, her transportation system is in disorder, her industries at lowest ebb. But famine is not a new thing in Russia, and transportation and industry were always minor elements in a great sea of self-sufficing villages. Peasant life is apparently just as vital, in the greater part of Russia, as it ever was. And the Soviet communist government becomes more government and less communism month by month. The prospects of a powerful democratic Russia are steadily improving. And it appears increasingly probable that the democratic Russia of the future is to evolve out of the present regime, not through its revolutionary overthrow.

Germany and Russia must enter French calculations as forces that are certain to develop, perhaps very rapidly. Are they to be reckoned as necessarily hostile forces? Practically all observers in Germany agree that the present feeling toward France, among all classes, is extremely bitter. Whatever moral prestige the Treaty of Versailles has among the victors, it has none whatever among the vanquished. It is regarded as a colossal monument to the arrogance, cupidity and bad faith of the victors. It is beside the point to argue that the Versailles Treaty is not in fact so bad as it might have been, or that even a perfectly just treaty would have been accepted with bad grace by the vanquished. What is to the point is that every German child is growing up with the conviction that the French, not content with an honorable victory, sought to destroy the Germans as a people.

The psychological foundation for a war of revenge exists in Germany. But is there not a possibility that France may somehow manage to reconstitute her old partnership with Russia, and so hold Germany quiet through fear of two-fold invasion? We see little prospect of such a consummation. France has been the most active and implacable foe of Russia under the Soviet régime, and any government that grows out of that régime is pretty certain to become heir to the hatred of France. Even if the events immediately succeeding the Russian peace with Germany were forgotten, French support of border state aggressions would not be. The old Franco-Russian understanding was, besides, an artificial affair. It was a union between French culture and finance and a Francophil Russian aristocracy. That aristocracy has disappeared, and the more native, less cultivated classes that have succeeded to its powers are much more likely to enter into sympathetic relations with the Germans than with the French. There is less of a gulf of temperament to overcome. After all, the German nation must be nearly half Slav.

Are we painting the prospects of France in too dark colors? Possibly, if our object were merely scientific prediction. What we are trying to do, however, is to look at Europe as any Frenchman who concerns himself with the future must look at it, when he is temporarily absolved from the public necessity of putting the best face on the matter. He might assign a somewhat higher value to the minor states allied with France than we do, but he would certainly not make less of the German menace, nor be less concerned about the future of Russia.

What, then, is the ultimate object of a rational French policy, based as it must be on such gloomy conceptions of the position of France? First of all, to secure guarantees from England, and at least moral support from America. The Rhine may be a sufficient guarantee for ten years, or twenty. But for the more remote future, nothing will suffice but the assurance of the support of the English speaking nations, already overwhelmingly the most powerful group of nations in the world, and certain to become more powerful, relatively, through the next century.

Guarantees are indispensable to France. But how is she to secure them? International relations are still based on claims of interest rather than moral claims. What has France to give in return for guarantees? She has little to give of a positive character. England does not need the French army. She has little to gain from French commerce. But if France can help England little, she can hurt her much. France can sabotage the movement for naval disarmament, to the prejudice of the British treasury. She can block European recovery, to the ruin of British commerce and industry.

Sabotage is a dangerous weapon in international as in domestic affairs. In desperate cases it may be justified; and the case of France is desperate. But those who use dangerous means need to be very certain that they do not overplay their game. If the French are seeking only a guarantee against attack upon the natural boundaries of France, against the repudiation of the just interests of France, they may succeed in playing out the game

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of sabotage to a satisfactory end. If they seek further to hold German territory indefinitely, to extort indemnity sums that would necessarily keep Europe in poverty, disorder and militarism, they are taking grave risks indeed. The course of French policy has already proceeded far toward the point where England and Italy may consider seriously the advantages of throwing in their fortunes with Germany and Russia. That would be the end of France, as a great power.

No nation ever stood in greater need of statesmen of clear intelligence and steady nerves than France of today. May history record that she found them.

The Pernicious Submarine

THE fight of the British government to abolish submarines is being waged in a good cause and we deeply regret the failure of the American government to back it up. Considering the spirit and the underlying purpose of the original American proposal to limit the building of capital ships, Mr. Hughes certainly had every reason to support abolition of submarines. They give rise to the same fears and suspicions that capital ships create. But instead of abolition he suggested in the beginning their increase and he still suggests the retention of a large submarine fleet. It looks as if in this respect he had allowed himself to be taken into camp by the "experts" of the Navy Department.

The French classification of the submarine as an essentially defensive weapon will not hold water. It would be a defensive weapon if its possessors used it only against an attacking squadron of capital ships or a blockading fleet, but there is no pretense or intention by the owners of submarines of confining their use to these purposes. If submarines are retained, the chief military advantage which their builders will expect to obtain from their employment will be the ability to destroy the merchant ships of their enemies. They will enable a power which cannot control the sea to intercept and perhaps destroy some essential enemy line of communication. That is, of course, the use to which Germany tried to put them during the war, and, as Mr. Balfour recently admitted, the policy came very near to defeating the Allies. Submarines were in this sense an offensive weapon in the hands of Germany, and they would similarly be an offensive weapon in the hands of any nation with a preponderant army, but which was deficient in naval strength. France now occupies a position analogous to that which Germany occupied during the war and which Napoleon occupied from 1802 to 1814. That is why the French government insists upon an allowance of submarines sufficient, if war broke out between herself and Great Britain, to enable her possibly to starve out a strong maritime enemy. A large submarine fleet, operating from the French ports on the Channel and in the Bay of Biscay, would look to Englishmen like a loaded gun pressed against the stomach of their country.

Admiral Le Bon during the recent discussion which took place in the Armaments Committee of the Washington Conference expatiated on the value of the submarine to a weak nation as a commerce destroyer. He maintained, of course, that the French, being a polite and humane people, would use the submarine only against their enemy instead of against neutral carriers, and only under the rules which have always governed the capture of the enemy merchant vessels at sea. But if the experience of the war proved anything, it proved the practical impossibility of operating submarines successfully as commerce destroyers except by employing the most ruthless methods. When riding on the surface of the water, they are extremely vulnerable vessels, which are exposed to vital injury by one shot from a small gun, which must operate furtively and quickly, which have no time or no excuse to be considerate and polite, and which in the few minutes or hours of their appearance cannot accomplish their declared military purpose without sinking and destroying their victims. Having to deal with an enemy of this kind, owners of merchant vessels would be certain to arm them, as they did during the war, and the high seas would again tend to lose any neutral status and to become belligerent territory. The American government and nation cannot remain indifferent to such an undesirable result. In case of war between France and England a French submarine would suffer from the same disabilities in searching an American vessel carrying supplies to the English, as a German submarine suffered. An attempted submarine blockade of England by any great continental power, just in so far as it was effective, would involve for the American government questions similar to those which sucked America into the Great War.

The French demand for a large submarine tonnage renews the threat against British security which Germany flourished when she began the building of a fleet of capital ships. It creates in the English people an analogously apprehensive state of mind and, if it is carried out, it will provoke on the part of the British government some form of retaliation. The British have, it is true, invited a hostile demonstration of this kind. They enor-

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mously enlarged the right of capture at sea during the war, and they abolished the limitations which international law formerly placed upon the blockade and upon interference with neutral commerce. If Great Britain were involved in a war with France, she would have the right under her recent practice to seal the whole of the Continent against imports to France and to supervise the commerce of any neutral which traded with France. She acquired the power of life and death over any enemy which she is capable of blockading—a power which is too great to be placed in the hands of any one nation. The French demand for submarines is the appropriate military retort to the British right entirely to destroy the over-sea trade of a European enemy.

The Washington Conference will not be able to reach an agreement about the limitation or abolition of submarines. The submarine question is merely an outlying phase of the European political and military chaos. France is aiming the submarine gun at Great Britain as a consequence of the clash between French and British European continental policies. A generous program of submarine construction will in the opinion of the French statesmen enable their government either to drive a better bargain or, if necessary, to put up a better fight. Until this clash ends either in an agreement or in a break, France will insist on her need of an abundant submarine tonnage. She will resist an allowance of 32,000 tons as energetically as she would total abolition. A fleet of 32,000 tons is not sufficient to count as an effective argument in her debate with Great Britain. The Washington Conference will consequently, be forced to postpone this dispute. The final decision with respect to the amount of submarine construction will depend on the result of the conferences which are now beginning in Europe and which are intended to lay the foundations for a general European appeasement. If these conferences result in a satisfactory agreement the French government will cease to attach as much importance as it does now to submarines as a defensive weapon, and some future conference will abolish them. If they do not result in a satisfactory agreement, if, on the contrary, they should end in a rupture of the Entente and in the isolation of France, then the work of the limitation of armaments which the Washington Conference has started will suffer from the effects of an early and a killing frost. The submarine must finally go, but it will not go until the European peoples cease to allow exclusive ambitions and fear and hate to determine their attitude one to another.

Conflict Between Japan and America?

IN another column Mr. Bertrand Russell tells the American public how in his opinion the Conference still assembled in Washington can act so as to be of most help to China. With a large part of his analysis and advice the New Republic thoroughly agrees. When he declares that "the worst thing which could happen would be a Japanese-American war" and that "it is not in the interests of Asia that the one independent Asiatic power should be crushed" we agree with him one hundred percent. But we dissent sharply from his interpretation of the impulses and purposes which determine American behavior in the Far East, and from his anticipations of the course of future political events in that region.

He declares, for instance, that "America will give way about Shantung in return for Japanese acceptance of the naval ratio," that "America will fortify naval bases in the neighborhood of Japan" and that "then America will proceed to destroy Japan with a good conscience." He sees no "issue from this cycle of disaster except a change of heart in Japan."

No man who understands the psychology of the American people would have committed himself to these predictions. Americans are fully capable of performing many bad actions with a good conscience, but they are no more capable of deliberately destroying Japan than they are of destroying Great Britain. Unless Japan actually attacked the United States or could be accused with great plausibility of preparing to attack the United States, it would be quite impossible to arouse in the American people any interest in fighting Japan. They certainly would not fight on behalf of China. The agreement on the capital ship ratio will put an end to any danger which formerly may have existed that anti-Japanese agitators in this country will excite in American public opinion the fear of Japanese attack. And the American government on its part has already agreed not to build naval bases on the western side of the Pacific. Unless it did build them it would be powerless to destroy Japan.

Before the Conference assembled a danger did exist of a competition in naval armaments and political recrimination between Japan and the United States which, if it had continued for five years might have worked up the two peoples to the verge of a destructive war. But the Conference was called to avert this calamity and in our opinion i

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has succeeded in a re-assuring measure. The naval ratio and the Four Power Treaty will render Japan and the United States ultimately inoffensive in their relationship one to another; and in the absence of possible military offense pro-war agitators will be deprived of the credulous and apprehensive state of mind which provides the basic stuff of war psychology. It is time for Mr. Russell to revise the impression which he obtained in China of the inevitability of a clash between Japan and the United States. It never possessed as much foundation as he thought and at present it possesses almost none at all. If he had studied the United States as closely as he studied China, he would have avoided this mistake.

He would have avoided it, that is, unless his mind was closed by a rigid and dogmatic adherence to the doctrine of economic determinism. In his prediction of an inevitable future conflict between America and Japan, Mr. Russell conceals the important element of truth which the doctrine of economic determinism contains behind a barrier raised by a too unqualified assertion of its application to actual facts. As long as industrial nations are entirely given to the "system of capitalist exploitation," it is true, as he says, that there is no escape "from the alternative of tyranny and war," but even in the past they have never been entirely given over to capitalist exploitation and still less will they grant to capitalism any such franchise in the future. It is laboring now in a heavy gale. While it will survive in some form, it will not survive unless it is radically modified; and these radical modifications will render its future behavior incalculable and will discredit the sweeping prophecies of Mr. Russell. One of the chief obstacles to its modification has always been and still is the disposition to believe that capitalism as a system necessarily escaped human control, that it might be abolished but could not be essentially improved. This obstacle has had something to do with the impotence of the socialist critics of capitalism to supply a workable substitute for it.

The liberal critics of capitalism have not succeeded very much better, but that is another story. The difficulties under which capitalism is now laboring furnish a rare opportunity to contrive as a substitute for it a method of supplying the economic wants of the modern peoples which is at once more workable and more humane. If socialists will occupy their minds with this task they may not fall so easily into the practice of accusing people who differ from them of being either fools or knaves.

Two Methods of Building Reform

THE building industry is under a heavy indictment. In practically every large city and in many of the lesser ones, there has long been a distressing shortage of housing. Rents are exorbitantly high, and in consequence, overcrowding is carried beyond the tolerance of hygiene and decency. At the same time an unusually large proportion of the workers in the building industry are unemployed. The production of building materials is far below the level of output easily attainable. These are the facts, and we submit that they are facts that cry loudly for reforms. There is something radically wrong with a system which permits so wide a gap between a pressing public need and the means available for supplying it.

And the movement for reform is under way. Or rather, there are two movements. One of them looks to the improvement of the industry through the strict enforcement of existing laws and the enactment of new laws penalizing unfair and anti-social practices. This movement is represented by the Lockwood Committee in New York state. The other movement looks to the reconstruction of the industry according to sound principles of engineering. It was set in motion by the Federated Engineering Societies Committee on Waste in Industry, named last spring by Mr. Herbert Hoover. The Committee has recently published a report covering the building industry as well as a number of other industries. The report is an analysis rather than a program, but there is no difficulty in determining the kind of program that the Committee would recommend.

The Lockwood Committee has disclosed a long array of startling abuses which make for inefficiency, high cost and profiteering. It has established the fact that the building industry of New York has been suffocating under a clinging net of collusion—collusion among contractors to keep bids high; collusion between contractors and material men, between contractors and organized labor. It has exhibited uneconomic and anti-social practices which restrict the builder in choice of material, with a view to insuring monopolistic profit to favored dealers and producers. The latest broadside of the Committee is directed against fifty grave abuses for which labor is responsible. Labor is warned to reform itself promptly, or be prepared to be reformed by law. The disclosures of the Engineering Committee are less sensational. They recognize the existence of illegal and anti-social practices on the part of

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both employers and employees. But they are most concerned with finding a definite measure of the total waste in the industry, and in fixing the economic rather than the moral responsibility for it. From the engineering point of view, the significant thing is the burden thrown upon householder and tenant by the failure of the industry to line up to the best practicable standards of production. The Committee's analysis shows clearly that building costs and rents are much higher than they ought to be. Taking as a standard, not a theoretically best practice, but the most efficient practice actually in use, the Committee find that what passes for a very satisfactory plant falls short by 30.15 points, and the average plant, by 53 points. The industry as a whole is less than fifty per cent efficient. That is the fact which grips the householder and tenant directly in the pocketbook. How far the extra tribute is levied upon him for the benefit of a greedy Hettrick or Brindell, how far it is the result of deliberately wasteful practices aimed at higher profits or wages, how far it is due to stupidities that benefit nobody—these are extremely important moral and legal questions. From the economic and engineering point of view the chief questions are what percentage of waste can be eliminated, and how.

Some of the waste can no doubt be got rid of by legal action against employers and laborers who are guilty of deliberately unlawful practices. The Lockwood Committee performed a valuable service to the industry in forcing the dissolution of the combinations formed by Hettrick and Brindell. It is performing an important service in impressing upon the unions that they must put an end to policies that encourage slacking and interfere with progressive management. Even if the unions refused to take into account anything but their own selfish interest, common sense ought to warn them that they can not go on indefinitely inflicting needless costs and inconveniences upon the public. They can not dispense with the moral support of the public, and they will not retain it unless they mend their ways.

It will, however, be clear to everyone who takes the trouble to read the report of the engineering committee that merely to eliminate illegal abuses would be an inadequate reform. If that could be done the industry would become more efficient, but a very large part—indeed, far the larger part—of the fifty per cent waste would remain. And further, one surmises that it will never be possible to eliminate more than a fraction of the unlawful abuses so long as the general condition of the industry remains unsound economically. How can contractors be kept from collusive bidding when the conditions of building contracts are so indefinite and fluctuating as to make it a gamble whether a given job will ruin the bidder or enrich him? How can workers be kept from nursing their jobs when employment is so uncertain that the average building worker earns wages only 189 days out of a possible 275? Quite as many men, it must be remembered, fall below the average as rise above it. Of New York's million building workers, there must be hundreds of thousands out of work half the time. Will any law compel these workers to speed up on the jobs that fall to them only occasionally? It is an economic fallacy that the working class as a whole can increase the sum of employment through keeping output down. But hundreds of thousands of men have learned that as individuals they can do exactly that thing.

We do not wish to belittle the part that the law can play in improving the condition of the building industry. No engineering reform will be adequate unless it is backed up by a vigorous enforcement of the laws bearing upon deliberate uneconomic abuses. But the movement inaugurated by the engineering committee offers, we think, far more hope of substantial improvement. By standardization of contracts and materials it promises to reduce greatly the costs and risks that fall upon the contractors, and to put competition on a sound basis. By working out methods for insuring reasonable continuity of employment it promises to remove the conditions that make for deliberate inefficiency of labor. Engineering is capable of correcting a wide range of abuses that the law can never touch. And besides, while it is not a substitute for law, it can certainly narrow greatly the field in which legal intervention is required, and so make possible a more effective administration of the law.

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The Diplomat as High Priest

ABOUT a long table in a big room are seated fifty tired and sprawling journalists. Though the room is kept too warm, as government buildings always are, most of the men wear their overcoats, preferring that to the alternative of sitting on them. The few women present are of the pretty and adventurous type which goes into newspaper work because smitten with romanticism. They sit modestly in the background, while the males preen themselves and pose—just a little—before them. Down the hall sounds a step—consciously firm, consciously brisk. The reporters straighten their copy paper, push their hats out of the way on the top of the table. And in he comes—a Diplomat!

There is an impressive pause while he hangs his hat on the one solitary hatrack, which is usually left vacant for him by the respectful gentlemen of the press. The outriders, so to speak, who have entered with him, take up respectful positions in the rear. He sits. A journalist, bashful in the presence of greatness, may ask a question, or the Diplomat may volunteer a few words of his own. In either case, his opening remarks will be the same.

"France wants . . . ." he says, looking consciously earnest and fixedly pleasant.

Sometimes it is "France thinks . . ." or "France feels . ." and of course as often as it is France it is Japan, or Britain, or the United States, or China, which wants or thinks or feels. All the journalists jot down the Diplomat's remarks; and next morning, there it is in the headlines—"France wants. . . ." "Japan thinks. . . ."

Yet this is nonsense. No such thing as a France, capable of thinking, exists. A great many Frenchmen exist, it is true, and if you could get a cross-section of all their thoughts at the moment that the journalists are interviewing the Diplomat, they would run: "I'm hungry. . . . I want more money . . . . what a pretty girl that is . . . . my rheumatism hurts . . . . this car is too crowded . . . . I hope my wife will [will not] die . . . ." And so on, whether the thinkers be Japanese, British, French, American. (For the best descriptions of this sort of thing, see almost any of the Russian novelists.)

It is true that the Diplomat is the official representative of a government. That government was placed in power by a majority or at least a plurality of the voters, who are in turn a small minority of the total population. The election, the chances are twenty to one, turned on issues quite other than those the Diplomat is now discussing. Indeed, individual members of the government may have been elected, one because he had curly black hair, another because his wife had money, a third because his opponent was found out in a rascality.

You may argue, perhaps, that the Diplomat finds out what his country thinks by reading the daily press? But it is possible for the papers to be filled with ideas repudiated by the people. All the "respectable" press of New York City was against Mayor Hylan in the election of 1921, and nearly all the people were for him.

No; when Diplomat speaks as "the voice of his country," that action is fantastic absurdity. The interesting and important thing about him is that he does not believe it is fantastic absurdity. He devoutly feels in the marrow of his bones that in some way which is not quite clear to him, he knows what is best for the millions—or hundreds of millions—he represents. It is an article of faith in which he cannot be shaken, that his decisions on behalf of his people are miraculously right. He magnifies himself into oneness with those people, he becomes the nation incarnate . . . . in short, he has all the psychological qualities of a high priest.

The scene described in my opening sentences happens to be at the Washington Conference, where it has been daily, almost hourly, reënacted. But the Diplomats are the same the world over, and always. Like the high priests, they claim to possess a special body of information not vouchsafed to lesser mortals. Like the high priests they know better than you do what is good for you. Like the high priests, they claim infallibility and never admit their mistakes.

For they do make mistakes. They make the most hideous mistakes. The Diplomat's imperturbable smugness is just as apt to be exhibited when he has led his nation to the verge of the precipice as when he has set the people's feet upon the pathway to the mountain heights. Indeed, I think it can be shown that in the modern world nearly all the standards of the diplomats, the working rules of their game, are such as tend toward disaster rather than happiness.

In such a Conference as we have been seeing at Washington, for example, decisions of great importance are made. Who makes them? And what criteria are applied in the mental process of arriving at them?

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More than is generally supposed, the Diplomat himself makes these decisions. He talks about "consulting my government," about being "under orders from my government." But to quite a degree, this is mere prestidigitation. "My government" is the great big black bear in the closet—listen to his growls! If you aren't a good boy I'll let him out. Or it is the invisible partner in the back office, implacably grim and mercenary. But suppose the Diplomat is honest and does consult his government, as the high priest sometimes consults the graven image in the hidden holy place. What is this government? Another Diplomat, or two or three of him, sitting at the other end of a cable, somewhat confused by remoteness, somewhat preoccupied, as Diplomat always is, with the desire to go on wearing a silk hat, to continue to drive through the streets in a barouche, bowing left and right.

The fundamental hypothesis of Diplomat is—and the Washington Conference illustrates this admirably—that his country has a motto. This motto Diplomat knows by inner revelation to be: More for Us and Less for You. Only the limits of practicability prevent its being: All for Us and None for You. The human happiness of the individual human beings in Your Country is not considered. It may be mentioned, but it is never a factor of any real weight. Neither is the human happiness of the people in Our Country except insofar as it may be wrapped up with their material prosperity. Even then, Diplomat is more likely to do things for the trading class, small in numbers, than for the rest of the population.

The high priest never admits a human frailty; and the mistakes of Diplomat and his friends are acknowledged only by his enemies and, years later, by historians. The Japanese delegation at Washington blundered when it accepted the Hughes plan in such half-hearted and chilly fashion; a world of goodwill among the Western peoples was within their grasp had they but closed their fingers on it. The Chinese delegation blundered when it uttered its ten principles and then permitted the discussion to descend to details without having pointed out the exact application of the principles to each of China's grievances. But can you imagine a Chinese delegate standing up and saying, in the American idiom they understand so well: "My colleagues and I pulled an awful boner last week. We want to go back and start over?"

This notion of the infallibility of the Diplomat has had a serious, if not disastrous effect, in the case of Charles Evans Hughes. Mr. Hughes started the Conference with a bombshell, which was probably an excellent bit of psychological technic. The reverberation all over the world was so instantaneous and loud that by itself it became a sort of success. That very fact tended to fix and harden Mr. Hughes's attitude toward the rest of the Conference. After such an acclaim, success on the naval ratio became all-important to Mr. Hughes. Before long it was evident that a second American bombshell was urgently needed, giving an irreducible-minimum program for China. But a second bombshell would have been an anti-climax, and a Diplomat must not deal in them any more than a high priest must trip while ascending the altar steps. We are only beginning to see how serious the consequences of this development may be. Mr. Hughes's position is something like that of Mr. Wilson at Paris. If a Diplomat comes in like a lion, he simply dare not go out like a lamb. Even though he is, and a shorn one, he must roar as he exits. The necessity for saving face, which causes so much of the world's woe, demands it.

No one is ingenuous enough to suppose that the peculiar mental processes of the Diplomats result from personal abberrations of the men occupying those posts. They are not selected for the work because of their peculiarities; the peculiarities (for so they are from a sane point of view) develop after they are in office. Senator Underwood, as likeable and genial as any man in Washington, moves remote and austere behind the veil as a delegate. Senator Lodge suffers a sea-change into something new and Wilsonian. The pressure is too great for humankind. If Theodore Roosevelt, even the old Theodore Roosevelt of 1901-1908, had happened to be President at the conclusion of the World War and had gone to Paris to negotiate the peace, I do not doubt that in his talks with newspapermen he would have been evasive.

That the development of Diplomats is natural and even inevitable does not prevent its being tragic for the plain people of the world whom they are supposed to represent. If we look about us today and see the earth sick and sorry, with misery almost everywhere and hope of amelioration almost nowhere, the question becomes pertinent: can the old-school Diplomats, who are all we have today, make any enduring peace on earth?

Do we not need, breaking up through the crust of tradition, the protagonists of a new humanism who, with strong commonsense, will seek to solve our pressing problems on a basis first of all, of the greatest good to the greatest number? Not much time will be needed, after the close of the Washington Conference, to answer this question and determine whether or not we have reached the end of an era in diplomacy.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Washington.

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When the Company Goes Home

WHEN the party breaks up and the guests and visitors go home, when just the family is left here and we all begin to talk at once about the biggest party we have ever given, when this fast approaching period of relaxation arrives, Washington will be itself again. Then will come the freshet of gossip, comment, and appraisal of the Conference and of all the figures who participated in it.

Washington has had on and is still wearing its company manners. It wears them a little stiffly sometimes, particularly some of the big boys in the Senate who are at the party but not in it or of it. Their time is coming, and they know it. So does Mr. Hughes. When oysters are eaten they are put in the bill, and in the end somebody has to cast up the reckoning and pay it. That moment is approaching; is nearly here.

I make no doubt that all the treaties, conventions, what not that come out of the Conference will be ratified and approved by the Senate, but not until they have been talked about and picked over. That process cannot be carried through at ease until the out-of-town high contracting parties have gone home. We shall want to take stock of our situation and examine the new postures and relations into which we have entered. This is not only the biggest and the most important set of exercises that we have ever sponsored, but the proceedings have gone forward at such a dizzying pace that the Senators have not been able to keep up. They know the conclusions and acceptances that have been reached, but are not fully informed as to how they were reached. Mr. Borah, among others, has given fair warning that he does not "want to be estopped hereafter by silence at this time."

While the Senate is thus engaged in the performance of its routine duty the balance of Washington will be engaged in hanging the new portraits that have been acquired for the local gallery and in appraising and interpreting the alien sojourners who by their presence and acts have so enlivened and colored these domestic precincts.

The Conference itself has lacked color and pageantry. It has been so direct, so fast moving, so in accordance with program, so business-like in its methods and its dispatch of business that it has inevitably taken on an aspect of bleakness. It has lacked clashes, drama, intrigue, suspense—the climax came on the opening day—and, therefore, has been the most difficult performance imaginable to write about. In consequence it has been much over written. This has been perceived in unexpected places.

Lord Riddell received the other day a post card from Omaha bearing the simple inscription: "Luke 19:3." It proved to be a reference to that certain publican and rich man, Zaccheus, who climbed a sycamore tree his Lord and Master for to see. The verse read: "And he sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not for the press . . ." The Omaha man made his point neatly and sent it to the right address.

Lord Riddell, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arthur James Balfour have been the three most conspicuous Englishmen here. A more diverse trio in their antecedents, backgrounds and outlook on life could not have been devised. I fancy they do not see much of one another at home. The late Richard K. Fox, Upton Sinclair and Elihu Root are, I suppose, as near as we could come to matching them, and even that would be an incomplete and inadequate comparison. To me—the mere presence here of these three in their respective capacities is the most illuminating chapter in the history of present-day England that could be presented.

I thought when Bob Smillie and his fellow laborites had produced before them in the King's Robing Room in the environs of the House of Lords, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Northumberland and others of the most exalted gentry to put to them the question that Mazet and Lexow put to Croker and Devery: "Where did you get it?" that the extremest limits of topsy-turvydom had been reached. I never expected to live to see the day when Lord Riddell would be the official spokesman for the British Empire (or Commonwealth as you prefer) at such a Conference as this.

You have only to refer to the files of the newspapers, since the Conference began to see how admirably, how completely and how efficiently Lord Riddell has performed his task. It has been a case of one hundred percent saturation. He has been not only spokesman for the British, but has not hesitated when need seemed to exist or occasion warrant to speak for us or the other major nations participating in the Conference. It was Lord Riddell who made it known that the French desired ten battleships of 35,000 tons each. He has been most helpful—in that way.

He was particularly active in the lean period

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that began after the third plenary session, when Briand spoke, and continued until the first week in December when the Four Power Treaty was published. Through that space of time Mr. Hughes was silent. He has talked to the press only of "transactions," as he likes to call them, never of abstractions, ideas or the progress of negotiations. Lord Riddell was free of any such inhibition. In the technical shop phrase he "kept the story alive." Twice a day he met all comers and discoursed. He was fertile in expedient, suggestion, surmise, speculation, and in the opening of "leads."

The great bulk of all that you read in the newspapers through that waste space came as you must have noticed from "a British spokesman." That was Lord Riddell. He flew kites, he sent up balloons, he purveyed news and views, he made atmosphere. Also he made himself a popular figure with the newspaper men and they gave him a dinner and a piece of silver as a recognition of his service. He had as many ideas as a Sunday editor, as, indeed, he is, in his own proper person.

At home Lord Riddell is proprietor of a Sunday newspaper, The News of the World, which is reported to have the largest circulation of any journal in Great Britain. It was not taken in, I believe, by the late Queen Victoria, nor is it read now, I suspect, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Balfour or the "county families." Lord Riddell is, in fact, one of the new types brought to the fore in English public life by the war and its attendant social and economic changes. He is as distinctly a post-war product in his present projection as Mr. Balfour is pre-war. It has been a privilege and an illumination to any social philosopher to observe these two functioning here in their respective spheres of influence. Washington has brought them together possibly never to meet again.

And here by a happy chance and quite unpremeditatedly, I have touched upon what is, in a large sense, the most important and useful result of the Conference. That Mr. Balfour and Lord Riddell have been brought together is a detail. We ourselves and our public men here have come to know representative men and minds of the British, French, Italians, Japanese and Chinese as we could not have done under any other circumstances. It has been educational for them and for us to meet in our environment rather than in their own.

The biggest and most significant fact about this Conference is that it was held in Washington. It has given it a quality that no other capital could have provided; a detachment and an atmosphere and outlook that have been peculiarly valuable.

It early came to light, for example, that the Japanese had come here grotesquely misinformed about our national and popular state of mind toward them. Some of them have confessed privately that they expected open evidences of hostility. They thought they would not be received in people's houses; that they would be discriminated against socially and otherwise. Some of them were most apprehensive—well, of course, they have gone everywhere and been received by everybody, and oh, the difference it has made to them and in them. This change has been as manifest in the Conference as out of it. Quite regardless of the engagements that have been entered into, our two governments will be able to talk to each other hereafter on a firmer and sounder and wider basis of understanding than has ever existed heretofore. That is something gained. A great murky bank of mistrust and suspicion has been cleared away.

We understand the French better, too, but not so well as we should. Somebody has been giving the French a wrong idea about us. Surely it cannot be M. Jusserand for he knows us too well. None of the nations here represented came to us to find a livelier or warmer or more outspoken affection awaiting them. Yet the French have never been quite at their ease. They somehow seemed constrained and not in the current or in time with the note of the proceedings. It is not easy to lay a finger on it. But while Marshal Foch was receiving throughout the country the warmest and heartiest reception ever accorded a foreigner in our generation, becoming a great popular hero and figure, M. Viviani was earning the name here of Peevish Papa Pettingill. He was a great grouch, discontented, displeased, apparently most unhappy and out of sorts. I don't know why, nor does anybody else.

For whatever reason the French did not play the part that everyone here hoped and expected they would play. Many surmises are afloat, but they are only surmises, and do not call for a report. However, so basic and fundamental is the cordiality and friendship on which our long-time relations are founded that I have not heard a word of criticism, only regret and disappointment that our old friends did not enter more largely into the spirit of the party.

And if we have learned something about the Japanese and the French, we have equally increased our knowledge of the British and the Chinese and the others here. Quite aside from the formal agreements reached, the whole effort has been distinctly worth while in that it has brought a larger measure of understanding, tolerance, confidence and relaxation of minor tensions that might easily

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have become major tensions. And least importantly, but most interestingly, it has brought to the City of Conversation new, diverse, colorful and brilliant figures to be talked about.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

The Genius of the Novel

THE republic of letters is often mentioned, but the implied equality among literary forms does not exist. Literature constitutes a hierarchy, with the drama and the lyric at the top, the essay taking a good second place, and the novel belonging nowhere in particular. There is nothing rare about the novel. It is prolific. It exists in a kind of vulgar abundance, notoriously lacking form, using a hundred methods but seldom attaining perfection through any of them, spreading over into the essay, occasionally lifting to the lyrical, at best perhaps accomplishing a moment of drama.

To call a novel dramatic is to applaud, and also to name a quality. But the novel never becomes a touchstone for judgment of the drama or for any other form. It scarcely can. It tells a story, but so does the play, and the fact that it sometimes uses subtle materials which the drama could not conveniently handle affords it no particular distinction. It appears on the whole as a kind of modified play, adapted to the easy chair, arranged for consumption at all hours, a second-rate form, a makeshift, something of a hybrid. It is beloved, but it is also slightly scorned. Dickens is periodically mourned as a lost playwright who mistakenly followed the fashion of his age and used the inferior vehicle. Critics have been known to wonder why Conrad has not tried his hand at plays, with the implication that thus he might have risen to greater heights.

Yet surely there is some deep-cleaving difference in creative intention between the novel and the play. Few writers have used both forms or have used them equally well, and the amphidexterous talent has usually been the minor talent. In English writing there has been a long sweep first in one direction and then in the other. The great articulate form of the Middle Ages was the narrative, that of the Renaissance and the Restoration was the drama. With the abrupt decline of the play at the end of the seventeenth century the narrative again came forward, to hold the field until the present.

Now these broad choices cannot be due to accident. As the substance of each form is examined in these alternating periods, a curious fact of relationship is disclosed. In the changing areas of human experience the narrative has been a path-finder, with a talent for organization, a passion for extension; and the drama has been heavily in debt for its pioneering efforts. The Mysteries rose out of the Biblical narratives, the Miracle plays out of the pious tales and the lives of the saints; the Moralities were created at least in part from the allegorical tales which made a staple for twelfth and thirteenth century sermons. Elizabethan drama rifled a huge rich harvest of narrative: mediaeval, contemporary, English, continental, classic: folk-tales, ballads, novelle, romances, the tales of the jest-books, the sober outlines of the chronicles. Restoration tragedy leaned heavily upon the heroic romances. Its comedy drew plots from foreign sources, but its stress upon manners followed upon the long-winded elaborations woven about the theme of mariners in the Elizabethan novel.

Surely it is not too much to say that without the narrative the greater English drama could not have existed; and this is by no means to consider the splendid sixteenth century plays or even the facile product of the Restoration as mere super-structures carpentered out of second-hand stuff. The greater drama has never been lacking in invention, and it has often fused old tales with a white hot flame which the narrative itself never created and perhaps never can create. One can grant that the play is the superior form. The play is poetry—or may be. It is life intensified, focussed, boldly significant.

But give the adventurous narrative its due. A highly developed form like the play, severely limited by conventions of time and space, can hardly come into being without selection, organization, reflection; and these processes the narrative has roughly carried through. If the word plot had not become so stiff and specialized this might be used to cover its effort. In the technical sense the narrative has produced an abundance of plots which the drama has freely taken over. In terms of experience it has charted multifarious ways through the mazes of human conduct, often partially, often crudely, but still decisively. It has constantly broken new ground; it has steadily been attracted by the unassimilated, the untried, the unexploited; it has provided strong initial momentum of interest, and the drama has been lifted on the tide of its energy.

The persistent curiosity and exploratory energy have never shown themselves with greater strength and resilience than in the golden era of the modern novel. One by one succeeding tales have opened up unillumined areas: portions of rural Ireland in Maria Edgeworth, the Scotch village in Susan Ferrier, the English village in Mary Mitford and Mrs. Gaskell, sections of London in Pierce Egan and Dickens, the Yorkshire moors in Emily Brontë; continuing into new field after new field, in George

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Eliot, Hardy, Cooper, Bret Harte, Mark Twain; becoming more and more intensive and specialized, entering mills, mill-towns, mines, ghettos, fishermen's settlements, lumber-camps, sweat-shops, prairie farms, often returning over its ground but usually accumulating fresh materials. Its pressure upon the new and changing aspects, the stirring immediacies of contemporary life, has been quick and constant. It has studied single sections of society minutely, with documentation. Such novels as Hard Times, The Way of All Flesh, One of Our Conquerors, The American, The New Machiavelli, The Odd Women, The Rise of David Levinsky, The Portrait of the Artist as Young Man indicate in a rough sequence the thoroughness and the avidity with which the novel has seized upon situations in moments of flux. The single development of the so-called psychological novel is proof of its restless, burrowing, but often exquisitely precise aptitude for investigation.

The novel has moved on with something of the effect of a natural force, a rising wave, cupping and cresting, lifting to intelligibility and notice aspects of the mixed chaos of modern life; and if the past is a guide it has been making for some sort of larger culmination in the drama. As everyone knows, the drama has been in a poor way for the last two hundred years or more. Critics have lamented its decline volubly. They have cast about in all directions to find causes, and they have unearthed a quantity of detail on the introduction of scenery, the digressions of opera and pantomime, the abuses of licensing. Perhaps all these had their stultifying effects. But the history of the drama is not the history of an incubated form. Given a powerful dramatic impulse, this could hardly have been smothered by external and accidental causes. Whenever drama has genuinely asserted itself it has shown an irresistible and sweeping vigor which has transcended difficulties.

It would seem that the poverty of the drama in this long period has come from the simple fact that materials which it could use have been lacking. Restoration drama had wrung the older matter dry. The modern drama has been unable to clutch the substance of contemporary life with security and force because that substance was new and unsifted; it has been in slow and partial process of definition —by the novel. And, the precipitate expansions of life being what they are, it takes rather a long time to organize a rich new groundwork of knowledge about human experience. The most that the play has been able to do has been to continue certain formal traditions of the stage, to create revivals, and to attempt feverishly to catch up with the novel by taking over some of its easiest successes—like Uncle Tom's Cabin, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Little Women.

Whether the play is now at last burgeoning after its long fallow period it may be too soon to say; but there are signs of its new birth. These hardly need iteration, for one and all have been eagerly seized upon by the waiting critical high priests. The significant fact is that the best production of this new era, if new era it is, has grown straight and sound from a rich narrative tradition. Synge turned to accumulated narrative sources much as Marlowe turned, and so did others of the Irish group. Their drama, even though it spread out beyond the use of traditional narrative, unquestionably derived from this not only much of its matter but its courage and a basic inspiration, and when it apparently turned away it still held close to the tales of a living folk. In England the Manchester playwrights have advanced as if by pre-arrangement into just those areas of stodgy, commercial, lower and middle class life which Dickens, Charles Reade, Gissing, and others had been mapping out for half or three-quarters of a century; and there are other more single indications that the drama has been rising out of the novel. Shaw, with all his individual temperament and inventiveness, flung out into the polemics of his combined feminism and anti-sentimentalism after George Meredith had blazed the difficult way. In Nan, Masefield owes nothing to Hardy's Tess for plot, and the relationships between the two are by no means direct, but it is still true that a figure of great and commanding tragic beauty, taken from a rich local life, was shown first at full length in the novel and then in the drama; and we are so accustomed to take for granted the advances of the novel that we overlook the force of such an innovation.

The state of the novel too now suggests a change in creative focus. It is not only that critics complain that behind the massed ranks of the "new" novelists, Bennett, Wells, Lawrence, Beresford, James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, there is an empty space. The novel has lost much of that keenness which could boldly catch the larger movements and outlines of event and personality. It seems not to be occupied with the most elementary narrative aim—to mirror or to collect a given section of experience. Half or more of the younger novelists are using biography or autobiography almost undisguised, the loose, immediate record.

This is not to decry their work. It is immensely tangible. It has what the novel at best always seeks—novelty. It uncovers something. But in as long a view as one can succeed in getting, its en-

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circlement of the unsorted substance of experience represents a kind of climax. The modern novel has persistently sought after life. Now it has apparently come somewhere near to salting its tail. It may now retire into a triumphant quiescence.

But the novel has always had a marked capacity for sudden turns and pregnant surprises. In England it may very well in some hidden underground way be preparing for a further and different achievement, developing in the direction of fantasy, for example; and over here its period may not be ended but beginning. Critics have been crying up the drama, and the drama is probably coming, though not because of their industrious efforts; but there seems no danger that the novel will become extinct. It may slip into a relative passivity for a time, as it has done before, but it will scarcely perish, for it is the product of an undying impulse, the desire to find out what life is, not necessarily what it means or may become, but its mere character.

George Moore says that the English novel is not serious, and he refers more particularly to its lack of form. He is right: it is not serious. It is loose, scambling—and irrepressible. It is much closer to life than to art. The clay of experience is likely to cling to it, even grotesquely. Its easiest failure is the failure of detachment. To speak of the "art-novel" is almost a contradiction in terms, for only a few times in its long history has the English novel achieved anything like purity of outline. Form is hardly to be expected of it in any strict sense; its real gift is for energizing discovery. If any single quality has appeared uppermost in its development it has been that of humor, not merely a sense of fun or even of comedy, though it has not lacked these, but a kind of quick intemperate responsiveness which has kept it moving through the thick and often viscous masses of experience with an air of lively research.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

The Happy Man

Who bears in mind misfortunes gone,
Must live in fear of more;
The Happy Man, whose heart is light,
Gives no such shadows power:
He bears in mind no haunting past
To start his week on Monday;
No graves are written on his mind
To visit on a Sunday:
He lives his life by days, not years,
Each day's a life complete,
Which every morning finds renewed
With temper calm and sweet.

W. H. DAVIES.

A "Ninety-Eight Percent American" in Porto Rico

SOME time ago the governor of Porto Rico, Mr. E. Mont Reily, arrived at the port of New York in a burning ship. The fire had started the day following the ship's departure from San Juan with its precious cargo, and the rumor is abroad that the calamity was not a mere accident, but had been caused by an infernal machine of some sort secreted in the bowels of the vessel by a fervent Porto Rican patriot with the intention of sending Mr. Reily to the bottom of the sea. The governor is said to have been the recipient of numerous anonymous threats, and that is the only thing that lends a certain appearance of solidity to the story.

To one familiar with the history of Porto Rican popular temperament this infernal machine plot does not sound real. Mr. Reily is by no means the most autocratic governing executive that has lorded it over the island, and yet history does not record a single instance in which a serious attempt was made against the person of a non-Porto Rican official. Threatening letters are quite another thing. But rumors express desires when they do not express facts or fears. What, then, is the basis of this desire on the part of the majority of the natives to eliminate Mr. Reily if not from the world at least from their island? That is the question that such Americans as give a hang about these little colonial affairs are asking themselves.

Recent political history in Porto Rico shows the governor in an interesting and somewhat disconcerting light. Four months ago he reached San Juan and assumed charge of his post. He found the following political situation: the Unionist party, made up of most of the wealthiest and "best" citizens and dragging behind its banner a substantial majority of the masses, occupied all of the seats in the Lower Chamber but thirteen, and all of the seats in the Senate but four; the Republican party, the tradiional opposition party for the last sixteen years, controlled nine seats in the Lower and three in the Upper Chamber; and the Socialist party (the local branch of the A. F. of L., gone into politics) had four men in the House and one in the Senate. The Unionists had polled the previous November 120,000 votes, the Republicans 61,000 votes, and the Socialists 59,000 votes. Both Unionists and Socialists had made heavy gains since the previous election—the Socialists almost trebling their vote—at the expense of the Republicans. The platforms on which popular opinion had thus divided itself were: Unionist,—autonomy for the present with independence as an ultimate aspiration; Republican,—Americanism, statehood; Socialist,—

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public ownership of certain public utilities, progressive labor legislation, more schools, a steep income tax, etc. Though the Unionists in their official utterances had been always careful to emphasize their intention not to press the independence demand seriously until a vague and distant day, calling it "a sentimental aspiration native to all peoples" and "the last refuge of our dignity", in their stump speeches before the illiterate masses (even the most dignified politicians take the stump in Porto Rico), they waved the local flag considerably, mesmerizing a big vote into its folds.

Very few wealthy Porto Ricans believed sincerely in independence for the island. That gallant and bigoted knight, Sir Tariff, protects their beloved though somewhat disappointing Sugar, and independence would take away his broad sustaining shoulders. How comes it about, then, you will ask, that most substantial citizens are Unionists? The answer to the riddle is, of course, that independence is merely a bait to catch the votes of that vast majority who have a natural and obscure prejudice in favor of the land where they were born and for which they pay rent.

Mr. Reily arrived unlearned but not untutored. The insular Republicans had sent their representatives as far as Kansas City, the new governor's home town, and had early obtained his ear. The insular Republicans are affiliated with the G. O. P. and it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Harding's appointee was influenced in favor of his fellow party-members. Mr. Reily was told that the Unionists were disloyal to the American government, that their desire for independence was genuine, that they hated the stars and stripes and worshipped the "flag of the solitary star," and, in short, impressed him with the belief that there was latent Sinnfeinism in them. To this Kansas City business man, apparently a perfect "one hundred percent American," these were unpardonable crimes. It was just as impossible for him to conceive why on earth there were men who actually wished to quit American citizenship as it is for the average Porto Rican peasant to conceive why there are men who do not wish to be citizens of Porto Rico.

He went to the island resolved to be the strong man who would check the "seditious" activities of the Unionist politicians. He inaugurated his campaign to this end with a speech in the Municipal Theatre of San Juan in which he declared that no advocate of independence would hold any office in his appointive power, and that he was going to work to make "the language of Washington, Lincoln and Harding" the official language of the schools. The latter threat shows how ignorant he was of Porto Rican affairs since English has been the language taught in the schools for some time and there's many a Porto Rican schoolboy who speaks the language of Washington and Lincoln better than Harding does. Naturally the speech was a bomb. The Unionist leaders, who thought that they had waged their double-fronted campaign with exceptional ability, were dumbfounded. They had never expected to be taken as seriously as that. Outside of the principles involved, which, of course, are all for the Unionists and against the governor, the dramatic spectacle of "one hundred percent Americanism" sailing full steam into "one hundred percent Porto Ricanism" is not lacking in humor. But there are honest and sincere men in the Unionist party, like Mr. Barcelo, the generalissimo, and they tasted the higher indignation.

The effect on the Unionist masses was electrical. The half-starved laborer has for his party the same uncritical feeling that he has for his mother —she must be defended. And this time justice was on the side of his feelings. Mass demonstrations were organized and paraded the streets of the capital with shouts and banners. Mr. Barcelo resigned from the presidency of the party in order not to stand in the way of any decision it might wish to make inconsistent with his belief in the desirability of ultimate independence for his country; but he was carried on the shoulders of the crowd from the office of his paper to the Senate building and compelled to resume leadership.

Meanwhile, the governor began to put his program into practice. He wrote a letter to the Unionist member of the Commission of Workmen's Indemnity requesting his immediate resignation on the ground that no one who believed in Porto Rican independence should hold a position under the American flag. This added fuel to the popular indignation; but the Unionists, who were trying very hard not to create a violent situation, directed their man to resign, and, following the usual procedure, sent the names of three other party members to the governor from which to select his successor. The governor utilized the occasion to re-emphasize his position and his intentions in a bullyragging, you-can't-get-around-me sort of letter to Mr. Barcelo in which he once more announced that he was going "to clean house" and would consider for appointment no man with an unrepented Independentist past. It is estimated that this letter has made more Unionists than any Independentist speech of the past decade.

The "house cleaning" continued, not even native born Americans friendly to the Unionists escaping the action of the broom. The Unionist party called an emergency convention to pass upon the situation and share the responsibility of decision

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with the Central Committee. The convention met in a small mountain town where the founder of the party is buried, and amid characteristically Latin embraces, congratulations and acclamations, declared itself overwhelmingly for retaining independence in the program. It is the belief of most impartial eye-witnesses with whom I have had an opportunity to talk that the fervor was absolutely sincere, and that many delegates who formerly believed in independence as a vote-catching device only, cheered for it from the bottom of their hearts.

As a result of that convention two commissions have been sent to Washington to try to get the governor restrained or removed; but so far both of them have failed.

Between the return of the first commission and the departure of the second the governor found time to request and obtain the resignations of the Secretary of Agriculture and Labor, the Secretary of Public Health, and the Secretary of the Interior, replacing them with Republicans, insular and continental. When the Senate meets in February, it will, as a matter of course, refuse to approve the appointments, as it has a constitutional right to do; but Mr. Reily is in Washington trying to persuade Congress to modify the Organic act in such way as to permit the President of the United States to decide in cases of deadlock between the Chief Executive and the Senate. The Unionists at Washington deny that he is succeeding in this; their opponents affirm that he is.

The Republicans, of course, were delighted to find themselves transformed from a rapidly dwindling minority into the actual force in control of things. The Socialists awaited developments in a silence not devoid of fear. If Governor Reily was "American" enough to try to suppress a perfectly respectable and harmless party—economically very conservative—what would he not have in store for the "reds"?

But Mr. Reily's personality is amusingly contradictory. Santiago Iglesias, representative of the A. F. of L., Socialist chieftain and Senator, is an astonishingly shrewd man, and he risked taking the bull by the horns. He "worked" the governor for an invitation to accompany him on an automobile trip around and through the island to preach Americanism and study social conditions. The sight of a hard-boiled ukase-delivering Kansas City business man "taking in" Porto Rico arm in arm with a hated Socialist leader is one worthy of the gods and one that few people will believe has ever been shown to the skies. But so it was. Together they looked into the miserable straw huts of the anaemic, shoeless, almost naked, prolific "jibaros" (Porto Rican peasants) who "make sugar and take their coffee unsweetened"; together they questioned them and learned their woes; together they spoke at meetings—Mr. Reily speaking in English on Americanism, Mr. Iglesias in Spanish on "Socialism" and Trade-Unionism. At one of these meetings, as a Unionist affidavit solemnly adduces, the governor "embraced Iglesias and kissed him on the brow," saying that he was a "great Senator of Porto Rico." At another he is said to have shouted in a frenzy of enthusiasm, "The Socialist Party is the most American institution in Porto Rico." The commission of Unionists now in the States is accusing the governor of having "taken the bolshevist chief Iglesias as his right-hand man." Mr. Iglesias, of course, is no more a bolshevist than Sam Gompers is; but his enemies call him one because his work for the Porto Rican masses has been remarkably effective.

Mr. Reily has apportioned the appointive offices, formerly monopolized by the party in power, among all three political parties. There is, no doubt, a good measure of justice in this, though in practice it is less equitable than it seems, as the Republicans get more than their proportionate share of the swag, and as the Unionist appointees are "safe and sane" men, handpicked by the governor from the right wing of the party and known not to favor independence. He has freed a half dozen Socialists imprisoned for electoral and strike activities, thereby setting a worthy example to his beloved chief Mr. Harding. He has appointed Socialist judges in two municipalities, and has been prevented from doing the same in the other seven Socialist strongholds by the simple fact that there are no more Socialist lawyers available. He has broken the party-monopoly of many courts by having all parties represented among the major and minor officers. He is trying to restore the municipality of Fajardo, where one of the biggest sugar-mills is located, to the ousted Socialist Council.

Whether he acts thus out of the goodness of his heart or out of his hostile feeling towards the Unionists cannot be told. His ruthless treatment of the majority party can meet with nothing but the sternest condemnation. His benevolent attitude towards the opposition parties—especially the "heretic" Socialist party—can elicit nothing, on general principles, but the frankest commendation. This ruthlessness and this benevolence, existing side by side in the same personality are astonishing. Already judicious men acquainted with the post-war psychology and the post-war lingo of the United States, are saying that, whether he likes it or not, this paradoxical bourbon-liberal is but a "ninety-eight percent American."

LUIS MUÑOZ MARIN.

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A COMMUNICATION

How Washington Could Help China

SIR: In international dealings, it is useless to expect any nation to pursue any end which it does not believe to be in its own interest. No good to China could be expected to come out of the Washington Conference but for the fact that the interests of both England and America are, *for the present,* identical with those of China, except in a few points such as our possession of Hong Kong. The immediate and pressing aims of any Chinese patriot must be two: to end the internal anarchy, and to recover the independence and integrity of China. The aims of English and American statesmanship in China, from a purely selfish point of view, may be taken to be the extension of trade and the opportunity to exploit Chinese natural resources. Territorial ambitions have no place in America's program, and ought to have none in ours; I believe that in fact our ambitions in that respect are limited (in China) to the retention of what we already possess, though even that is in excess of our true national interest, which would be furthered by the restitution of Wei-hai-wei. What both English and American interests most urgently require in China is stable government and the open door, that is to say the ending of anarchy and the ending of the Japanese territorial aggression. Our interests are therefore, for the present, almost completely identical with those of China.

The interests of Japan, at any rate as conceived by the militarists who control policy, are different from ours, and not compatible with the welfare of China. Japan wishes to be a great power, in territory, population, and industrial resources. Japan has not much of the raw materials of industry, whereas China has them in abundance. If Japan is to be able to conduct a long war successfully, control of mines in some portion of China is essential. Moreover Japanese statesmen have not merely economic aims, but also the desire for dynastic grandeur and a vast empire. Psychologically, one of the fundamental causes of the whole situation is the Japanese inferiority-complex. At every moment, they are afraid that they are being insulted or cold-shouldered on account of not being white, and this makes them aggressive and ill-mannered. This is by far the strongest part of the Japanese case. Europeans do not beat Japanese ricksha drivers to make them hurry, nor do their chauffeurs dismount to cuff pedestrians who are slow in getting out of the way, as I have seen the chauffeur of an American do in Peking. The Japanese are not liked by either Europeans or Americans, but they are treated with a respect which few white men show to the Chinese. The reason is simply that Japan has a strong army and navy. White men, as a rule, only respect those who have power to kill them or deprive them of their means of livelihood; and as wealth depends upon success in war, skill in homicide is, in the last analysis, the only thing that secures tolerable courtesy from a white man. If the Japanese are defeated in war by the Americans or by an Anglo-American alliance, there will be a set-back for the colored races all over the world, and an intensification of the intolerable insolence displayed towards them by white men. There will be an immediate catastrophic destruction of the Japanese civilization, which still has many merits that our civilization lacks. And following upon this there will be a slow destruction of the civilization of China, not by war, but by Americanization. The big towns will become like Chicago, and the small towns like Main Street. Americans would feel that they were conferring a boon in effecting this transformation, but no person with any receptivity or aesthetic sense would share their view.

We may therefore diagnose the situation as follows: Japan is in a bad mood, and is more immediately dangerous to China than any other nation; but England and America—especially the latter—are, by the very nature of their civilization and outlook, destructive of all that is best in the Far East, and doomed, nolens volens, to be oppressors if they have the power. Under these circumstances, the worst thing that could happen would be a Japanese-American war, leading to the destruction of everything destructible in the civilization of the yellow races, the increase of white tyranny, and the launching of America upon a career of militarist imperialism. On the other hand, the best thing that could happen would be a diplomatic humiliation of the Japanese military party causing Japan itself to become less aggressive and less anxious to subjugate the adjoining mainland. The difficulty is that Japan will not yield except to the threat of war. If England and America, at Washington, join in insisting upon acceptance of the naval ratio and evacuation of Shantung, one may presume that Japan will give way sooner than face a war against both combined. If America alone threatens, Japan will probably choose war and be destroyed.

What is, of course, to be expected is that America will give way about Shantung, in return for Japanese acceptance of the naval ratio; that after a few years American spies will report that Japan is building secretly; that in the meantime America will have fortified naval bases in the neighborhood of Japan; and that then America will proceed to destroy Japan with a good conscience. I do not see any issue from this cycle of disaster except a change of heart in Japan. Of course a change of heart in America would be just as good, but nothing will convince Americans that they need a change of heart.

China, unfortunately, cannot escape being industrialized. It would be far better for China to develop her industries slowly with native capital, but they will, in fact, be developed quickly with foreign capital. So much, I fear, is independent of the issue at Washington. For the immediate interests of China, it would be well if America and England combined to force Japan by diplomatic pressure, *not by war,* to accept the naval ratio and evacuate Shantung. This would also be good for Japan, since it would be a blow to the military party and perhaps introduce a much more liberal régime. (Evacuation of Vladivostok and friendly relations with the Far Eastern Re

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public should also be insisted upon.) But in the long run it is not in the interests of Asia that the one genuinely independent Asiatic power should be crushed. England and America can, if they choose, exercise despotic sway over the world. There is much good that they might do in that case. They might curb the ambitions of France and Japan, make all nations except themselves disarm, undertake the economic rehabilitation of Germany and Russia for the sake of their own trade, and liberate China from the fear of Japan. But if they were able to accomplish all this, they would also acquire the habit of bullying and become confirmed in the ruthless certainty of their own moral superiority. They would soon come to display an economic and cultural despotism such as the world has never known—always, of course, in a missionary spirit. From such a tyranny the world could only escape by a universal rebellion, possibly with Great Britain at the head of the rebels.

From the alternative of tyranny or war there is, so far as I can see, no escape while the industrial nations continue their system of capitalist exploitation. Nothing offers any real escape except Socialism, i. e., in this connection, production for use instead of production for commercial profit. America is still in the phase of liberalism, which more experienced nations have outgrown since the war. President Wilson attempted to save the world by liberal ideas, and failed; President Harding is making a second attempt, and will fail even if he seems to have succeeded. The crushing capitalist system is in its very nature predatory, and cannot be made the basis of just dealings between nations. So long as America draws nearly all the dividends derived from capitalism, America will continue to think the present system heaven-sent, and will employ Liberal futilities which will delude fools into supporting knaves.

But in all this I am speaking of the future, not of the immediate situation. For the moment, Anglo-American cooperation at Washington can secure two important things: (1) the naval ratio; (2) a breathing-space for China by a curbing of Japanese ambitions. If these ends are achieved, the Washington Conference will have been useful. If it leaves Japan's activities in China unchecked, it will have been futile; but if it leads to war with Japan it will have been immeasurably harmful.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

London.

The Woods and Banks

The woods and banks of England now,
Late coppered with dead leaves, and old,
Have made the early violets grow,
And bulge with knots of primrose gold.
Hear how the blackbird flutes away,
Whose music scorns to sleep at night:
Hear how the cuckoo shouts all day
For echoes—to the world's delight:
Hallo, you imp of wonder, you—
Where are you now, cuckoo? Cuckoo!

W. H. DAVIES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Relief for Russia

SIR: In your moving appeal for Russian famine relief this week you enumerate the various organizations which are working to alleviate the famine stricken people in the Volga region. Probably through an oversight you did not mention the American Federated Russian Famine Relief Committee which has centralized the efforts of a number of agencies sending relief directly to the Soviet government.

While the amount of relief secured through the constituent organizations of the Federated Committee is as yet very small in comparison with the appalling needs, the Committee has, it seems, forwarded the major portion of food and other supplies thus far secured by voluntary effort in the United States. According to Secretary Hoover, only $500,000 worth of relief has been raised by voluntary contributions. The Friends of Soviet Russia, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the United Cloth Hat and Capmakers, the New York Fur Workers, the Workmen's Circle, and several other organizations which are sending their relief through the Federated Committee have already contributed about $450,000. Mr. Hoover's statement before the Congressional Committee which was considering Russian relief would allow only $50,000 raised by other organizations.

The Federated Committee has made thre shipments consisting of flour and other cereals, chocolate, cocoa, condensed milk, meats, medical supplies and ambulances, the total cost of which was $372,186.29. Food and other supplies amounting to $70,000 are to be forwarded on the twenty-first of this month.

I am very anxious to see that all relief efforts prove successful and that the humanitarian appeal of the various agencies receives the response it deserves. I wish, however, to call your attention to the efforts of the Federated Committee since the funds collected through its constituent bodies represent contributions of workers who themselves are now suffering from unemployment. The funds are largely raised through mass meetings and various other mass appeals. The individual contributions are small, because they come from poor people. Yet the total of about $450,000 already raised shows that large numbers have responded to the appeal for Russian relief.

Another very important point must be considered in connection with the work of the Federated Cmmittee. The organizations which comprise it are making their appeal for *direct* relief through the Soviet government. Unlike other relief organizations, the Federated Committee, or its constituent bodies, have asked for no special privileges or conditions from the Soviet government. They are sending their relief gladly and their only regret is that it cannot be greater.

ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG.

New York City.

Stage Censorship

SIR: I am just sending you a word to express my disapproval of your editorial Pussyfoot in the Theatre. I have seen some surprising things in your paper but nothing that excells that editorial. You say among other things: "Of course men whose minds are obsessed by the desire to enforce purity cannot be expected to be rational in this matter." Why not? Who is the rational man in such an instance? The "dive keeper"? The man who wants to see young women come upon the stage and strip until they have nothing left in the way of clothing but a ribbon?

We are told today by the dramatic critics, who are most familiar with the stage today, that the stage is the greatest educator in the world. They tell us that all other forms of education are supervised and this is not. They tell us too that the stage, in America at least, never was as low in the type of moral it reveals as today. And yet you sneer in scorn at the man or woman who objects to pouring all this filth and moral sewerage out night after night in the community. The Board of Health is all right but to make an effort to do something for the moral health or to do something that looks toward the establishing of a Board of Morals for the health of the community only meets your jeer. No wonder you call your paper The New Republic, and hold up the eighteenth amendment in contempt. What you need, and what this country needs, is a realization of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come."

GUY W. MCCRACKEN.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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SIX POEMS BY ANNA WICKHAM

The Winds

The quality of your rage is my delight;
I saw a wind in a volcanic night
Incline a fir-wood almost to the ground
And with such strength that I could hear no sound;
So is your anger written for my mind
In driven trees and in that mastering wind.

A quality of courage is my gift;
First would you wreck? O builder! Lift
Your hammer against me, and strike your fill.
Cleave me to dust, and from the dust my will
Will rise in spirals, masterful as flame,
Till whirlwinds march in triumphs of your name.

Weapons

Up the crag
In the screaming wind,
Naked and bleeding
I fought blind.

Then at dawn
On the snowy height
I seized a spear
By the eastern light.

On I trudged
In the eye of the sun,
Past the cromlech
I found a gun.

Then I strayed
In the cities of men,
In the house of my Love
I found a pen!

Woman to the Male Psychologist

Shall our young sons expound us?
Babes we have borne in womb's captivity!
Shall they explain us as they found us
When by our labor they were free?
Go, young philosopher, take heed;
I was old earth when you were seed.

You may the Sphinxes rede, in sooth,
Not till stone lips shall give you truth;
And the old wise were ever wont to be
Most sparing of unmasked verity.
Expound us younglings! and we'll sit
And praise your fondly-nurtured wit.

Your mother doted on the young intelligence
Which noted her lust to do obedience;
A woman fed the brave and growing mind
Which bids the woman's wit to walk behind.
Go, Conqueror, lead on the imperial road
And I will follow ever—with the goad!

The Last Round

Clasp you the God within yourself
And hold it fast;
After all combats shall ye come
To this good fight at last.
God is a mighty wrestler
He battles in the night;
Not till the end shall it be known
What foe you fight.
When God in you is overthrown
He'll show a light
And claim the victor for his own
And crown the fight.

Sin

Down what wild current of my blood,
Comes this desire of Perfectness?
Which plants cold hunger in my mood
And an unreasoned stark distress.

The black sin of incontinence
Is this fret for perfect life,
And the blackest lust that lives in me
Is to be some super-hero's wife.
It's equal shame and equal sin
To covet gold or spiritual pelf;
If I cannot feed this beast within
It had best turn round and gnaw itself.
Thou ravening beast! Thy sloth is thy distress
Go build a God within the wilderness;
There's task enough for a mad will,
There's work to keep a dilettante still!

The Muddle

She'd been crying, because he had been smacking her;
And he's just published an appalling book,
Because he needed a girl's heart and look,
And he was jaded, so long lacking her.

From the bad book there will be little money, hence nc
furs!
Yet there are men more rational and human
Whose bank-books open to a pretty woman,
And such-and-such a coat is needed by a temperament
like hers!

But they'll continue so for all their lives,
Since England is England, and Wives are Wives!

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After the Play

IF you go to the People's Theatre and then to the Royal a block away on the Bowery you will discover a happy kinship in the world of men and art. The Yiddish actors are at one theatre, the Sicilian at the other; and at both places the actor and audience are children of the Mediterranean. The Jews draw farther back in time from Asia Minor; the South Italians have blood in them from the Greeks and Romans, the Africans, Saracens, Normans, Spanish, French and the first island tribes, whoever they were; and are no more like the Florentines today than they are like the Danes or the Belgians. Both of these are folk theatres, and for that reason the elements to be observed in them are perhaps more fundamental; and the two of them together supply one of those cases of repetition and variation within our microcosm that can teach us so much about art.

There is no actor at the Jewish theatre, of course, to compare with Grasso; though among its company I have seen Miss Gerstn exhibit a power and a terrible sincerity hardly surpassed in all New York. But in both these theatres there is the same atmosphere of animation, intense interest, response. In both the same tide flows between actors and audiences; both audiences give themselves to the play; the plays at both are melodramas and the story is the thing; there is the same hum of comment and easy judging, like wonderful children together. Among the actors there is the same vividness, the same expressiveness of eyes and hands and shoulders. And you get the same sense of tremendous and inexhaustible vitality on the stage and in the house, the capacity for strong food, strong bodies, strong emotions and crises of living.

Then presently in the midst of the similarity the differences begin to appear.

These people of the Jewish theatre are a race apart in every country they dwell in. They cling to their own culture. In New York there are eleven Jewish theatres and two vaudeville houses; and forty percent of the Broadway theatre, actors and audience, is said to be Jewish. But the Italians, in so far as they are mindful of it at all, have not bothered very much about their racial culture. They have brought along bits of it with them as they have brought certain vegetables, finocchi, scarola and zucchini. But as for their culture it is safe at home; it has its own land; and they, like the Germans, have never been able to secure the career of even one theatre in New York permanently or as a matter of course.

The Jews in this theatre have come here from lands more northern than the cradle of their race; and their ancient habit of living has been driven even further inward. Their audiences like to enter seriously into the conscience of a play; they like the story romantic, of love and virtue triumphant, the villain blackly damned. The Sicilians take more simply the surface of life. Their plays have a way of progressing through everyday prose, joy, dancing, love, battle, murder and sudden death without any particular comment or moral winding up. The God of Mercy after long labor of twilights, wrongs, rough comedy and ruined homes, ends with a farm scene, hay, milk, the hills, the child, and triple innings for the villain. In The Wolf there is a festa and flowers; the mother is in love with the daughter's husband, who drives her out with an ax; her cry is heard; and the murderer rushes through with the horror of his crime on every inch of him; and there the curtain drops; though, as everybody knows, the carabinieri will get him and take him to prison, unless, that is, he has already run off to the bandits. All of which sounds simple and might be childish but for Grasso's magnificent art, an art so right, so inevitable and complete that nothing empty that it touches can remain so and nothing real elude a greater reality. No Jewish art could take all that so directly. The elements of our life, its feeling, impulses, crises, are taken by these Sicilians as the elements of nature are taken; the lightning that scorches, moonlight and peace, the sun, night, darkness. These forces are what they were with the Greeks; the life of man in these plays strikes against passion, rage, revenge, hunger and death, as nature encounters wind and sun and drouth and the verdure of the rain.

The Yiddish acting is more complex, and in that sense, at least, more modern. It has the realism of intense feeling, and a deep respect for that feeling. Its best effects come from a compulsive rendering of that intensity; and the beauty of these effects is a spiritual beauty, almost without appeal to the eye. In its best moments it sacrifices everything to this spiritual truth; and beyond that its interest in beauty seems comparatively slight, whether beauty of manner, style or appearance; whereas the Sicilian art is more beautiful to the eye, with more grace, more flowing and flexible lines, more brightness and color in the voice and gestures, more abundance, as that lovely country has from which it comes. Compared to the Sicilian this Jewish art has infinities of mood; it has, too, more biting pain, more sentiment; and has a deep tenderness where the Sicilian has only the tenderness of simple affection or erotic impulse, nothing poignant, searching, understanding or profound. When we come to the other side of the picture, the defect of this excellence, we find that this art on its poorer side sinks into sentimentality, the mawkish, theatrical, insincere, tricky and false. And it is often at the same time vulgar. The Sicilian realism is more open, more easily copied after the current of life. In this sense it is supremely natural, the most natural in any theatre. Its best effects are this naturalness in the display of terrific passions.

This passionate art exercises us without depressing us; we may shed tears but we are not glum about it. It may leave us with something of Aristotle's katharsis, a purging that comes from bringing us so vividly into play; or it may leave us excited, flushed, exhausted, as wild beasts in a cage can do. But it does not leave us in a mood. We may grieve over what has happened in the scene; but it will not seethe and ferment and revolt in our souls; and we are no more responsible for it socially than we are for an earthquake. We are stirred and shaken and aired by it as we are by the manifestations of nature. On its poorest side this acting becomes wild and childish, mere sensation and event and explosion. But it is never sentimental, though it is often passionate. It makes violent appeals sometimes but few cheap ones. And it is never vulgar though it is brutal enough. It has the animality and refinement of nature itself.

There is about such an art as this a certain harsh indifference that is like the natural world. And it is this, I think, that gives it so strong a hold on the spectator, the sense of these bodies whose magnetism draws to themselves the forces of man's life, and whose eloquence conveys to us man's passions and fatality. At its best this Sicilian art has the beauty and ferocity and pathos of human life seen strictly as one with the earth.

STARK YOUNG.

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The Girls

The Girls, by Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

AT one time it looked as if nothing could drag Chicago into the focus of the novelist. It wasn't simply that Chicago didn't want to sit, in all its sprawling horror: it was also that the artist shrank from touching Chicago. Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, H. B. Fuller, Robert Herrick, Edith Wyatt—each of them roped the beast and yanked him forward, but there was a felt resistance and a not quite happy conquest. The sitter and the artist both remained, if not uncomfortable, certainly heroically strained.

Miss Ferber marks a difference. She is not in the least strained. Chicago to her is one of the richest, most natural, most established of themes. She doesn't feel it necessary to get the whole thing in: she knows precisely what slice of the bourgeois community she wishes to cut. At the same time she is aware of all Chicago. The city permeates her book. Not only that, it permeates the three generations of Chicagoans with whom she so buoyantly and glowingly deals. She abounds in her sense of a living community whose origins are not hidden under the innumerable transfers and liens and notations of history but are vividly exposed to anyone with a feeling for drama. She rejoices in this drama and has the clearest professional instinct as to the way to handle it. To let Prairie Avenue, and the transmogrifications of Prairie Avenue, go to waste, is a piece of negligence luckily impossible to Miss Ferber. Here, she seems to say, is History caught in the act. Here is Charlotte Thrift in 1860 kissing Jesse Dick good-bye as he marches off to war—marching off in front of the Court House steps in full sight of the Addison Canes, the Thomas Holcombs, the Lewis Fullers, the Clapps . . . And here, in 1917, is the grand-niece Charley, saying good-bye over dinner and dance at the Bismarck Gardens, (now the Marigold Gardens), saying good-bye to her own Jesse Dick. In 1860 the boy was disreputable because he was a Dick of "Hardscrabble," a poor white Dick. In 1917 he was disreputable because he was the son of Delicatessen Dick, and a poet. Disreputable, that is, in the eyes of that lower middle-class Anglo-Saxon respectability which domesticated itself on Prairie Avenue and built a brick church over its safety deposit vaults wherever possible. So Miss Ferber focusses the rich and delicious contrast in what, for the Chicagoan, must be called an historical novel.

It is done so tellingly, so appreciatively, so intelligently, that one is ready to dilate at great length on its good points. Miss Ferber does not, it is true, stand away from her Charley. She espouses Charley's generation just as warmly as she espouses Judge Emma Barton of the Girl's Court, "wise, humorous, understanding Emma Barton." Or just as warmly as she indicates a very human newspaper reporter who is Irish but is called Winnie Steppler. But in spite of this partisanship, which is really sentimental and demagogic and hampers the reader in forming his own convictions, Miss Ferber does possess a decided gift of creating character structurally. She shows this best in meeting that famous test of creative ability, the family. Her family is a living organism and its contingencies spring from their real centre, the parents' will to power.

To illustrate or dramatize that will to power, Miss Ferber does a daring thing. She telescopes life. She shows Charlotte Thrift defeated by both father and mother in her love for the boy who goes to the Civil War. Charlotte Thrift remains a spinster, a rebel by temperament but not effectual. In contrast to her is the practical sister, Carrie Payson. This woman, who becomes the head of the Prairie Avenue household and the real estate business after her husband decamps with the family fortune, is an excellent study of the managerial philistine. With her will to power, as usually happens in novels and sometimes in life she has cirrhosis of the imagination. What Miss Ferber sees most acutely, however, is the incompetence that goes with her tyranny. Now this woman, executive and limited has two daughters Belle and Lottie. Belle fulfills her philistine destiny by marrying successfully, though on the South Side. She becomes interesting only when the war smashes up her husband's crockery business and when she in turn, tries to manage her daughter, Charley, into a profitable marriage.

Lottie is the shy, yielding, unmarried woman of thirty very attractive. The second of "the Girls," she is a sort of plump and well-groomed Miss Lulu Bett. Lottie totes after freedom in a dilapidated family electric, but she is really her mother's chauffeur and slave and the nearest she flies to romance is when Rutherford Hayes Adler, a most winning youth, comes courting, only to be beaten of by mother. Lottie is revealed admirably in her Chicago surroundings. The celebrated meeting of her Reading Club in which spinsterhood is brutally vivisected by Beck Schaefer is one of the most adroit chapters in the book But the third of "the girls," Charley, is Miss Ferber's largest contribution to the history of family tyranny. She is not revoltée. She isn't hysterical. She isn't excited about "the older generation trying to curb the younger.' She isn't "fresh." She isn't tough. She is, as Miss Ferber delightedly depicts her, clear-eyed, strong-willed, competent and chic. Her speech and her acts reveal an adventurous and at the same time responsible character. Whether she goes to work at Shield's (Field's) or takes up dancing, allows dozens to court her or selects her one poet for herself, she is a model of the clean-cut, self-reliant youth that now dazzles, and apparently exasperates the middle-aged world. Miss Ferber sees her as roselike. She describes her in her boyish slang, in her athletic slimness, in her freedom, in her perfect digestion with something a little like adoring envy. At any rate Charley is the shell with which the older generation is torpedoed or to be torpedoed.

Certainly Mr. Ben Gartz, the war-profiteer or goulash baron, is torpedoed by Charley when he comes saying it with candy, box seats and flowers. The portrait of this gentleman, painted in oil, is extremely well done, and all the better done because it is moderate. Ben Gartz, "a fat man, in a derby, at a picnic," is really heard by Miss Ferber. Unlike Mr. Sinclair Lewis, she does not strain to make her philistines super-typical. She quotes them accurately and delicately, toasting them without burning them. And her kindly paunchy bachelor with the wet kiss who thinks he's "different from most" is not more distinctly heard than Charley or her young poet or Lottie or Beck Schaefer. The extraordinary verisimilitude of speech is never lost all through the book, except possibly with the Swedish servant. And this quickness to respond to human inflection in speech is matched by a similar quickness to respond to gait, to pace, to form.

The sadness, then, is that at the last, on the home

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retch, Miss Ferber wobbles horribly. She brings in a aby, Lottie's war-baby, which Lottie accumulates while oing war-work in France, after her declaration of in-ependence. The nice boy-poet, Jesse Dick, is killed at ie front, but that permits Miss Ferber to take her curtain ith a trick baby on the stage. Well, perhaps not a trick aby, but certainly one of the least likely and most ir-elevant of babies, for whom the proud mother can only urb, "I'm not excusing it. There is no excuse. They ere the happiest three days of my life—and always will ."

It's a miserable mealy-mouthed speech, and out of char-cter. Charley, in addition, is not, as she might be, shown us in one of those situations which tests the young eneration for sympathy as well as for nerve. Here, it ems to me, Miss Ferber has paid the penalty of her under-ing sentimentalism and her snappy technique. But that aves most of The Girls intact. It is that fascinating ing, a novel of community, viewed with an enormous mmand of detail and a fine observation, a real enthu-asm for theme and for the bright race of life. Such in-delity as, to my view, it exhibits is essentially serious. he story, at the end, reveals the flatness of an alloy. et, doctored, true metal is there.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Victorian Götterdämmerung

My Diaries, by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Two Parts. ew York: Alfred A. Knopf. $12.00.

WILFRID BLUNT'S Diaries cover the period from 1888 when he finished his term of imprisonment at ilmainham for his intervention in behalf of Ireland, to 914, the outbreak of the Great War. They picture with tonishing fidelity and detail the life of one of the most tive and many sided Englishmen; they give a careful cord of political events and study of the political situation the far-flung Empire by one who, though a spectator, as in constant contact with the men who directed affairs; ey embody a steady protest which rises at times to the oquence of prophecy, against the imperial policies which ere bringing the world to ruin. They represent the urney from the middle to the end of life of a man who lt that his age was turning away from him, and from all at he held dear and lovely and sacred. They have the elancholy of declining day, as the shadows grow longer ward the evening of his life, and toward the twilight that sun-lit Victorian age in which he was so brilliant figure. And there are premonitions of tragedy in the sing wind that heralds the coming storm.

But Wilfrid Blunt was too vital a person to be con-nuously depressed. He enjoyed life with an abundance id variety of opportunity and with a strength and capacity id delicacy of sensation which are granted to few men. the richness of his endowment he reminds one of men the Renaissance. He was a poet, a sculptor, a critic arts and life, a traveller, a statesman, a sportsman, a eeder of horses, a connoisseur of human relations, a iend and a lover. According to Lady Gregory's fore-ord, his avidity for experience led him as a young attaché the mission to Madrid to become a matador. Into all ese functions of life he entered with a gusto that endures his record of them. And out of experience so extra-ordinarily varied he has woven in his Diaries a tapestry of the Victorian age, the design marked by recurring pat-terns and the whole glowing richly or sombrely with the emotion which accompanied his every action.

An Englishman of the Renaissance, an Elizabethan, Wil-frid Blunt had an abounding delight in field sports, in shooting, in hunting, in coaching. He defends shooting a little speciously on the ground that it alone makes possible the preservation of wild birds. His joy in riding and hunt-ing is most memorably inscribed in his often quoted sonnet on Saint Valentine's Day, but there are frequent reminis-cences in the Diaries. He loved horses, and had a stud of Arabians at his estate, Crabbet, in Sussex, where his annual auctions came to be the events of first importance in the equine world. Of coaching he became very fond. He describes a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon which revives the intimacy of the eighteenth century, "going by road with my four horses . . . taking my cousin Alfred Douglas with me, stopping at several friends' houses on our way, Lady Hayter's at South Hill, and Dr. Watrey's at Beech-bolt, and Mr. Harvey's at Woodstock." For many years he spent the winters at his estate near Cairo, Sheykh Obeyd, and from there his journeys were made by camel, one of the most remarkable being to Siwah with a vague intention of visiting the mysterious director of a power in the Moslem world corresponding to that of the Jesuits, the Sheykh el Senussi. "But this is doubtful," he adds, "as the Sheykh has disappeared within the last year and it is not known exactly where he is, but I shall learn all about that from my friend Abdullah el Jeballi."

These notes of familiar contact are constant throughout the Diaries, and give to them an enduring value as a veritable mine of personal reference. Blunt's range of human relations was immense. In the first place as an English gentleman, married to the granddaughter of Lord Byron, he inherited and cultivated association with the men and women who make up the formal institution of society. The bonds of social caste proved strong enough in his case to withstand the shock of his political heresy. He records a dinner of George Wyndham's at which "I was to meet Arthur Balfour and bury the hatchet with him of our Irish quarrel"; and adds characteristically, "we did not talk politics, discussing instead literature and especially the influence of Arabia on the Middle Ages." Thereafter he speaks frequently of meeting Mr. Balfour and of the courteous speech that passed between them. One divines that in spite of utter detestation of Mr. Balfour's political views, he felt at home in the atmosphere of his conquering charm. Wilfrid Blunt is instinctively an aristocrat. The tone which he takes toward Balfour, Curzon, Wyndham, Churchill is to be contrasted with his lightly veiled contempt for arrivistes like Asquith and Morley. He made Crabbet the place of annual reunion for a group of distinguished young Englishmen, including "on a single occasion" Oscar Wilde; and he frequented Margot Tennant's drawing-room and was of the company of the Souls—"than whom no section of London Society was better worth frequenting, including all that there was most intellectually amusing and least conventional." He was an insatiable amateur of strange and distinguished forms of humanity. He followed affectionately, and yet curiously, to their death the survivors of his own generation, William Morris, George Meredith, Edward Burne Jones, Herbert Spencer. He has given unforgettable accounts of such unique emanations of the human principle as Francis Thompson, Sir Richard Burton, the Tichborne claimant,

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and General Boulanger. He tells a gruesome story of the death of Cardinal Manning. He gives a winning account of a visit to Cardinal Newman, whose touch, he felt sure, caused a toothache to vanish. "Newman's was a wonderful hand, soft, nervous, emotional, electric; and I felt that a miracle had been wrought." He followed with passionate excitement the modernist movement and the contest of Father Tyrrell with the Church. Altogether the strands of the literature, religion and social life of the late Victorian age were woven into Blunt's experience through his direct and intimate contact with the men who made them. And Blunt was more than an Englishman. He was at home in all the capitals of Europe and throughout the Moslem world. He calls Sheykh Mohammed Abdu, Grand Mufti of Egypt, "of all Easterns, perhaps I might say of all men, my dearest friend."

Again Wilfrid Blunt reminds us of men of the Renaissance in his combination of political with literary and religious and social interests. Politics was a part of his culture. But whereas his lineal predecessors devoted themselves to rearing the state as a work of art, Blunt found himself committed to a course of destructive criticism directed against the Empire, a criticism which he lacked machinery for making effective. After finding it impossible to enter Parliament he resigned himself to such protest as he could make through books, pamphlets and letters to newspapers. Undoubtedly the Diaries represent the chief outlet for his frustrated political activity. Through his family and social connections he was in uninterrupted contact with the ruling class, with men in control of affairs, and from them he had the knowledge of an insider, while he maintained the detachment of the critic. His conversations with Sir William Vernon Harcourt, with George Wyndham and Winston Churchill enabled him to follow closely the developments of the Empire with reference to Ireland, Egypt and India, the three unhappy victims of his country's tyranny with which he was most immediately in sympathy. His homes in England and in Egypt were places of resort for the representatives of these struggling lands. In Egypt he saw much of Mustapha Kamel, the organizer of Egyptian nationalism; in England he consulted with the Hindu leaders, Lajpat Rai and Gokhale. He was able to act as intermediary between John Redmond and the English government, and to carry on negotiations in behalf of the Khedive. As a private citizen he was able to prevent Gladstone from putting to death Arabi Pasha after the Egyptian rising in 1882, and with Bernard Shaw he succeeded in getting before the British public the atrocities inflicted by Lord Cromer upon the Egyptians at Denshawai.

Blunt's attitude toward the Empire is bound up with his aristocracy, with all that is chivalrous and devoted in his character. As an Englishman of the Renaissance he "would cheerfully return to the 'spacious' days of Queen Elizabeth when we held not a foot of land outside the Kingdom." For him, "the Empire is a poor cockney affair invented hardly twenty years ago," by speculators, promoters, capitalists. His attitude toward the Empire builders such as Stanley, Cecil Rhodes, and Chamberlain, is partly the indignation of the just man, moved in his soul by the spectacle of oppression and tyranny, and partly the contempt of the gentleman for the bounder. It is with a hand trembling with scorn that he writes of Stanley "who left £135,000 got by doing dirty work for the King of the Belgians on the Congo, a charlatan who has had the cheek to express a wish he should be buried in Westminster Abbey." With the insistence of a behaviorist psychologist he followed the obscure trails that led to the truth of som of the most hideous crimes of militaristic imperialism, th desecration of the tomb and body of the Mahdi at Omdu man, and the display of imperial rowdyism known as th Jameson Raid. In his political philosophy it is the En lish democracy, stupid and gullible in its commercialize patriotism, which is responsible for the most atrociou crimes done under the sun. He cites Sir William Harcou "complaining of the brutality of the British public whic insisted upon the slaughter of the Matabeles to procu markets for its goods." He exposes the whole vicious an unescapable circle of imperialism in a democracy when h writes: "In old times when England was governed by a oligarchy the administration of India might have bee gradually transferred to the natives—but not now. . minister purposing to do so could not remain a mont in office."

For one group of statesmen Blunt has supreme co tempt, the liberal imperialists, whose good intentions h scarcely recognizes, so feebly were they manifested in a tion. To John Morley he gives little credit for h administration either of Ireland or India. Lord Shillyshall he proposes for a title on Morley's elevation to the peerag Between Chamberlain and Rosebery he saw little t choose. He credits the latter with the fatal plan for th partition of Turkey which Grey, his understudy, undertoo to carry out. Upon Grey, "whose ignorance of foreig affairs was truly astonishing," he places responsibility fo the series of events which led directly to the Great Wa his compact with Russia for the partition of Persia, h complacence in the Italian raid upon Tripoli, his oppos tion to Germany at Bagdad and his commitment to Fran at Agadir. It is Blunt's view that the necessity of keepin Germany and France apart caused Grey to go so far i alliance with the latter that withdrawal was impossibl "The real cause of our quarrel with Germany I well kne was no more honourable a one than that of our dread a too powerful commercial rival and the fear of Kais Wilhelm's forcing France if we stood aside, into com mercial alliance with him against us in the markets of th world." Thus came Armageddon, and here his Diari close.

It is as a textbook of the decadence of the Victorian Ag that Wilfrid Blunt's Diaries will be studied. On the o hand they give an unrivalled picture of the splendors that age, its material, social, spiritual riches, by one wh was born to enjoy them—and on the other a study of th degradation of the world, its hypocrisy, its lust for po session, its brutal sacrifice of the weak, and above all of i incredible stupidity. They are a faithful record of th seed sown, of which today we are reaping the bitter harves

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Solemn Muse

History of the United States (1815-1846). Vol. IV, b Edward Channing. New York: The Macmillan C $4.00.

PROFESSOR CHANNING comes on down the yea in full regalia and with solemn mien, his fixed ey betraying not a twinkle and his stern visage not a wrinkl American history without laughter and without tear Nowhere in these massive six hundred pages is there a departure from the canons of the American historical guil The offerings to Clio may be as rollicking as Swift's Ta of a Tub, as sober as Hallam's magisterial volumes, or

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isterous as the Communist Manifesto, but Professor hanning reveals no suspicion of this mysterious fact. e throws no sidling glances at the light-hearted adventurs gathered along the lanes of his procession. In style and rm and language apt he addresses the members of the otherhood and they will answer him approvingly. Some ho have their doubts, as they look upon the fresh waters owing by their college doors, may remember that a prossorship at Harvard is the academic kingdom of heaven r all those who labor with rod and stylus. The editor of merican Historical Review, mindful of time and circumance, will not ignore as critic what he knows as a olitical animal. The laurel of respectability will be laid on this volume as it was upon its four predecessors. It altogether fitting.

The old story is told here with laborious care and ample ocumentation. The Monroe Doctrine, the Missouri ompromise, the second bank, tariff and nullification, the aton scandal, the specie circular, log cabins and hard der, slavery and the plantation system, Oregon, Texas, e Mexican war, and Gadsden's purchase are all brought gether here as they now appear in the monographs and ecial treatises of academic scholars. There are no revelaons, no striking divergences from accepted views, no new terpretations of ancient facts. Nothing unpleasant is id before the king. Even the stinking mess of Mexican lations, so vigorously stirred a few years ago by Mr. eorge L. Rives is carefully avoided. Professor Channing oes not go by holding his nose; he does not sprinkle roseater over the spot; he ignores it. Throughout, the nartive bears the marks of moderation and sobriety. The Iexicans, he remarks, were lacking in patriotism in the odern sense of the word but at the same time, they had a sentimental belief in themselves and a contempt for the ater world." He does not suggest that the sword had vo edges.

Notwithstanding the author's severe regularity, this olume differs in many respects from those that have gone efore it in the series. The interpretation is old and putable, but the emphasis departs from the previous rules. he ancient political story—presidential campaigns, binets, and party intrigues—is curtailed, almost savagely it. Of the six hundred pages before us, more than three undred are devoted to industry, immigration, westward igration, the labor movement, the growth of cities, arieties of religious experience, education, the plantation stem, and literature. When once the dangerous age of e fathers of the Constitution is passed, it is safe to put a one's hat.

Still it is a new mosaic, not a new interpretation, that rofessor Channing has given us. The impress of MacIaster's work is heavy on these pages. The virtues and ortcomings of that method are also here. Politics and conomics, save for a few lapses, are still kept asunder and ducation seems to belong mainly in the kingdom of the oteric. Politics of necessity remains the big circus, but ere are many side shows and they are so noisy these days at even the hardened veteran cannot be unaware of their xistence. However, politics, as here conceived, is yet a ort of marionette show. The characters break in upon ur gaze, rattle off their parts, and are tossed aside. Why? Vhence? Whither? Is it all a pis aller, without key or ue? Professor Channing is silent as the grave. Econmic affairs will project themselves rudely into politics. ariffs, banks, and internal improvements will burst into e pages of the Congressional Globe and the historian must take account of them, but American writers look upon them as they do upon bad boys who disturb an otherwise peaceful Sunday school. It would be far easier to defeat Hylan for mayor than to change the tradition. The seal of Cotton Mather is set on all we do. Effort is painful—and dangerous.

So Professor Channing leaves unanswered some of the most important questions that will some day be asked about the period. Why were there Whigs and Democrats and what was the economic demography of the division? Why was public education practically neglected until the age of the labor movement? Why did the Supreme Court decide Craig vs. Missouri one way and Briscoe vs. the Bank of Kentucky another? Why do lawyers have to rack their wits finding logical continuity in judicial reasoning from 1801 to 1864? What was the nature and sweep of capitalist evolution between 1815 and 1846? How far were plantation logic and factory logic mere defence mechanisms for what Madison called the sentiments arising from the possession of different degrees and kinds of property? These and many similar questions, which spring from a contemplation of this period of American history, must some day be answered. Until they are squarely met they will be asked again and yet again.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Selected Current Books

Samuel Pepys' Diary, selections by Richard Le Gallienne. Boni & Liveright.

Men, Women and Boats, stories by Stephen Crane. Introduction by Vincent Starrett. Boni & Liveright.

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